EVANS'S

BALLADS

VOL. II.

1784

20.

J. P. Collier

OLD BALLADS,

HISTORICAL AND NARRATIVE,

WITH SOME OF MODERN DATE;

Now first collected, and reprinted from rare Copies and MSS.

WITH NOTES.

By THOMAS EVANS.

VOL. II.

Isaac Taylor del. et sculp.

With rough Majestic Force he mov'd the Heart,
And Strength & Nature made Amends for Art.
Rowe.

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M DCC LXXXIV.

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A

COLLECTION

OF

OLD BALLADS.

I.

The Execution of Sir CHARLES BAWDIN.

The following piece is the production of Thomas Rowlie, a prieſt in the 15th century; and is ſuppoſed to have been written ſome time after the event which is the ſubject of it, and which happened in Briſtol, in the year 1461, when Edward IV, and the duke of Glouceſter (afterwards Richard III.) were in that city.

THE featherde ſongſterre Chaunticleer
Hanne wounde hys bugle horne,
And tolde the earlie villagers
The commynge of the morne:

Kynge Edward ſawe the ruddie ſtreakes
Of lyghte eclypſe the greie;
And hearde the ravenn's crokynge throte
Proclayme the fatedd daie.

Thou'rt ryghte, quod hee, for, bye the Godde,
That ſyttes enthron'd on hyghe!
Charles Bawdin, and hys fellowes twaine,
To-daie ſhalle ſurelie die.

Thenne wythe a jugge of nappy ale
Hys knyghtes dydd onne hymm waite;
Goe tell the traytor, thatt to-daie
Hee leaves thys mortalle ſtate.

Syrr Canterlone thenne bendedd lowe,
Wythe harte brymm fulle of woe;
Hee journey'd to the caſtle-gate,
And to ſyrr Charles dydd goe.

Butt whenne he came, hys children twaine,
And eke hys lovynge wyfe,
Wythe brinie tears dydd wett the floore,
For goode ſyrr Charles's lyfe.

O goode ſyrr Charles! ſayd Canterlone,
Badde tydyngs I doe brynge.
Speek boldlie, manne, ſayd brave ſyrr Charles,
Whatte ſays thie traytor kynge?

I greeve to telle, before yonne ſonne
Does fromme the welkinn flye,
Hee hath uponne hys honorr ſayde,
Thatt thou ſhalt ſurelie die.

Wee all muſt die, quod brave ſyrr Charles;
Of thatte I 'm not affearde;
Whatte bootes to lyve a little ſpace?
Thanke Jeſu I 'm prepar'd:

Butt telle thye kynge, for myne hee 's not,
I 'de ſoonerr-die to-daie
Thanne lyve hys ſlave, as manie are,
Tho' I ſhould lyve for aie.

Thenne Canterlone hee dydd goe out,
To telle the maior ſtraite
To gett all thynges ynne readyneſs
Forre goode ſyrr Charles's fate.

Thenne maiſterr Canynge ſaughte the kynge,
And felle down onne hys knee;
I 'm comme, quod hee, unto your grace
To move your clemencye.

Thenne quod the kynge, Youre tale ſpeeke out,
You have been much oure friende;
Whateverr youre requeſt may bee,
Wee wylle to ytte attende.

Mye noble leige! alle mye requeſt
Ys for a nobile knyghte,
Whoe, tho' mayhap hee has donne wronge,
Hee thoughte ytte ſtylle was ryghte:

Hee has a ſpouſe and childrenne twaine,
Alle rewyn'd are forr aie;
Yff that you are reſolv'd to lett
Charles Bawdin die to-daie.

Speek nott of ſuch a traytorr vile,
The kynge ynne furie ſayde;
Before the evening ſtarre ſhalle ſheene,
Bawdin ſhalle looſe hys hedde:

Juſtice does loudlie for hymm calle,
And hee ſhalle have hys meede:
Speeke, maiſterr Canynge! whatte thynge elſe
Att preſent doe you neede?

Mye nobile leige! goode Canynge ſayde,
Leave juſtice to our Godde,
And laye the yronne rule aſyde;
Bee thyne the olyve rodde.

Was Godde to ſerche our hertes and reines,
The beſt were ſynners grete;
Chriſt's vycarr only knowes ne ſynne,
Ynne alle this mortalle ſtate.

Lette Mercie rule thyne ynnfante reigne,
'Twylle faſte thye crowne fulle ſure;
From race to race thye familie
Alle ſov'reigns ſhalle endure:

Butt

Butt yff wythe bloode and ſlaughter thou
Beginne thye ynnfante reigne,
Thye crowne uponne thye childrennes brows
Wylle neverr long remayne.

Canynge, awaie! thys traytorr vile
Has ſcorn'd my powerr and mee;
Howe canſt thou thenne forr ſuch a manne
Intreate my clemencye?

Mye nobile leige! the trulie brave
Wylle val'rous actions prize,
Reſpect a brave and nobile mynde,
Altho' ynne enemies.

Canynge, awaie! by Godde ynne heav'nne,
Thatt dydd mee beinge gyve,
I wylle nott taſte a bitt of breade
Whilſt thys ſyrr Charles dothe lyve!

Bye Marie, and alle ſeinctes ynne heav'nne,
Thys ſunne ſhalle bee hys laſte!
Thenne Canynge dropt a brinie teare,
And from the preſence paſte.

Wythe herte brymm fulle of gnawynge grief,
Hee to ſyrr Charles dydd goe,
And ſatt hymm downe uponne a ſtoole,
And teares beganne to flowe.

Wee all muſt die, quod brave ſyrr Charles;
Whatte boottes ytte howe or whenne;
Dethe ys the ſure, the certaine fate
Of all we mortalle menne.

Saye whye, mye friend, thie honeſt ſoul
Runns overr att thyné eye;
Is ytte forr mye moſt welcomme doome
That thou doſt child-lyke crye?

Quod godlie Canynge, I doe weepe,
Thatt thou ſoe ſoone muſt dye,
And leave thye helpleſs ſonnes behynde;
'Tys thys thatt wettes myne eye.

Thenne drie the tears thatt out thyne eye
Fromme godlie fountains ſprynge;
Dethe I deſpiſe, and alle the powerr
Of Edwarde, traytorr kynge.

Whenne thro' the tyrant's welcomme means,
I ſhalle reſigne mye lyfe,
The Godde I ſerve wylle ſoone provyde
For bothe mye ſonnes and wyfe.

Before I ſawe the lyghtſome ſunne,
Thys was appointed mee;
Shalle mortal manne repyne and grudge
Whatte Godde ordaynes to bee?

Howe oft ynne battaile have I ſtoode,
Whenne thouſands dy'd arounde;
Whenne ſmokynge ſtreemes of crymſon bloode
Imbrew'd the fatten'dde grounde:

Howe dydd I knowe thatt ev'ry darte,
Thatt cutte the airie waie,
Myghte nott fynde paſſage toe mye herte,
And cloſe myne eyes for aie?

And ſhalle I nowe, forr feare of dethe,
Looke wanne and bee diſmayde?
Ne! fromme my herte flie childiſh feere,
Bee alle the manne diſplay'd.

Ah, goddelyke Henrie! Godde forefende,
And guarde thee and thye ſonne,
Yff 'tis hys wylle; and yff 'tis nott,
Whye thenne hys wylle bee donne.

Mye honeſt friende, mye faulte has beene
To ſerve Godde and mye prynce;
And thatt I no tyme-ſerverr amm,
Mye dethe wylle ſoon convynce.

Ynne Londonne citye was I borne,
Of parents of grete note;
My fader dydd a nobile armes
Emblazenn onne his cote:

I make ne doubte butt hee ys gone
Where ſoone I hope to goe;
Where wee forr everr bleſt ſhalle bee,
Fromme oute the reech of woe:

Hee taughte mee juſtice and the laws
Wythe pitie tp unite;
And eke hee taughte mee howe to knowe
The wronge cauſe fromme the ryghte:

Hee taughte mee wythe a prudent hande
To feede the hungrie poore,
Ne lett mye ſarvants dryve awaie
The hungrie fromme mye doore:

And none canne ſaye, butt alle mye lyfe
I have hys wordyes kept;
And ſumm'd the actyonns of the daie
Eche nyghte before I ſlept.

I have a ſpouſe, goe aſke of her,
Yff I defyl'd herr bedde?
I have a kynge, and none canne laie
Blacke treaſonn onne mye hedde.

Ynne Lent, and onne the holie eve,
Fromme fleſhe I did refrayne;
Whie ſhould I thenne appeare diſmay'd
To leave thys worlde of payne?

Ne!

Ne! hapleſs Henrie! I rejoyce,
I ſhalle ne ſee thye dethe;
Moſte willynglie in thye juſt cauſe
Doe I reſign mye brethe.

Oh, fickle people! rewyn'd londe!
Thou wylt kenne peace ne moe;
Whyle Richard's ſonnes exalt themſelves,
Thye brookes wythe bloude wylle flowe.

Saie, were ye tyr'd of godlie peace,
And godlie Henrie's reigne,
Thatt you dydd choppe youre eaſie daies
For thoſe of bloude and peyne?

Whatte tho' I onne a ſledde bee drawne,
And mangledd bye a hynde,
I doe defye the traytorr's pow'rre,
Hee canne ne hurte mye mynde;

Whatte tho', uphoiſted onne a pole,
Mye lymbes ſhalle rotte ynne ayre,
And ne ryche monument of braſſe
Charles Bawdin's name ſhalle bear;

Yett ynne the holie booke above,
Whyche tyme can't eate awaie,
There wythe the ſarvants of the Lorde
Mye name ſhalle lyve for aie.

Thenne welcomme dethe! forr lyfe eterne
I leave thys mortalle lyfe:
Farewell, vayne worlde, and alle that 's deare,
Mye ſonnes and lovynge wyfe!

Nowe dethe as wellcomme to mee comes,
As e'er the monthe of Maie;
Norr wou'de I evenn wyſhe to lyve,
Wythe mye dere wyfe to ſtaie.

Quod Canynge, 'Tys a goodlie thynge
To bee prepar'd to die;
And fromme this place of care and peyne
To Godde ynne Heav'nne to flie.

And nowe the belle beganne to tolle,
And claryonnes to ſounde;
Syrr Charles hee herde the horſes feete
A prauncyng onne the grounde:

And juſt before the officerrs,
His lovynge wyfe came ynne,
Weepynge unfeigned teeres of woe,
Wythe loude and dyſmalle dynne.

Sweet Florence! nowe I praie forbere,
Ynne quiet lett mee die;
Praie Godde, thatt ev'rye chryſtianne ſoule
Maye looke onne dethe as I.

Sweet

Sweet Florence! whye theſe brinie teares?
  Theye waſhe mye ſoule awaie,
And almoſt make mee wyſhe forr lyfe,
  Wythe thee ſweete dame, to ſtaie,

'Tys butt a journie I ſhalle goe
  Untoe the land of blyſſe;
Nowe, as a proofe of huſbande's love,
  Receive thys holie kyſſe.

Thenne Florence, fault'ring ynne herr ſaie,
  Tremblynge theſe wordyes ſpoke,
Ah, cruele Edwarde! bloudie kynge!
  Mye herte ys welle nigh broke:

Ah, ſweete ſyrr Charles! whye wylt thou goe,
  Wythoute thye lovynge wyfe?
The cruelle axe thatt cuttes thye necke,
  Ytte eke ſhalle ende mye lyfe.

And nowe the officers came ynne
  To brynge ſyrr Charles awaie,
Whoe turnedd toe hys lovynge wyfe,
  And thus toe her dydd ſaie:

I goe to lyfe, and nott to dethe:
  Truſte thou ynne Godde above,
And teache thy ſonnes to feare the Lorde,
  And ynne theyre hertes hymm love.

Teache themm to runne the nobile race
  Thatt I theyre faderr runne:
Florence! dydd dethe thee take—Adieu!
  Yee officerrs, leade onne.

Thenne Florence rav'd as anie madde,
  And dydd her treſſes teer;
Oh! ſtaie, mye huſbande! lorde! and lyfe!
  Syrr Charles thenne dropt a teare.

Tyll tyredd oute wythe ravynge loud,
  Shee fallenn onne the floore;
Syrr Charles exertedd alle hys myghte,
  And march'de fromme oute the doore.

Uponne a ſledde hee mountedd thenne,
  Wythe lookes fulle brave and ſwete;
Lookes that enſhone ne moe concern
  Thanne anie ynne the ſtrete.

Before hymm went the councille menne,
  Ynne ſcarlett robes and golde,
And taſſils ſpanglynge ynne the ſunne,
  Muche glorious to beholde:

The fre'rs of Seincte Auguſtyne next
  Appearedd to the ſyghte,
Alle cladd ynne homelie ruſſett weedes,
  Of godlie monkyſh plyghte;

Ynne

Ynne diffraunt partes a godlie pſaume
Moſte ſweetlie theye dydd chaunte;
Behynde theyre backes ſyx mynſtrelles came,
Whoe tun'd the ſtrunge bataunte;

Thenne five-and-twentye archerrs came;
Echone the bowe dydd bende,
Fromm reſcue of kynge Henrie's friends
Syrr Charles forr to defend.

Bolde as a lyon came Syrr Charles,
Drawne onne a cloſthe-layde ſledde,
Bye two black ſtedes ynne trappynges white,
Wythe plumes uponne theyre hedde:

Behynde hymm, five-and-twenty moe
Of archerrs ſtronge and ſtoute,
Wythe bendedd bowe echone ynne hande,
Marchedd ynne goodlie route:

Seincte James's freers marchedd next,
Echone hys parte dydd chaunte;
Behynde theyre backes ſix mynſtrelles came,
Whoe tun'd the ſtrunge bataunte:

Thenne came the maior and eldermenne,
Ynne clothe of ſcarlett deckt;
And theyre attendyng menne echone,
Like Eaſterne princes trickt:

And afterr themm a multitude
Of citizenns dydd thronge;
The wyndowes were alle fulle of heddes,
As he did paſſe alonge.

And whenne hee came to the hyghe croſſe,
Syrr Charles dydd turn and ſaie,
O thou, thatt ſaveſt manne fromme ſynne,
Waſhe mye ſoule clean thys daie!

Att the greate mynſterr windowe ſatte
The kynge ynne myckle ſtate,
To ſee Charles Bawdin goe alonge
To hys moſt welcomme fate.

Soone as the ſledde drew nyghe enowe,
Thatt Edwarde hee myghte heare,
The brave Syrr Charles hee dydd ſtande uppe,
And thus hys wordes declare:

Thou ſeeſt mee, Edwarde! traytorr vyle!
Expos'd to infamie;
Butt bee aſſur'd diſloyalle manne!
I'mm greaterr nowe thanne thee.

Bye foule proceedyngs, murdre, bloude,
Thou weareſt nowe a crowne;
And haſt appoyntedd mee to dye,
Bye powerr not thye owne.

Thou

Thou thynkeſt I ſhalle dye to-daie;
I have beene dede 'tyll nowe,
And ſoone ſhalle lyve to weare forr aie
A crowne uponne mye browe:

Whylſt thou, perhapps, forr ſomme few yeares,
Shallt rule thys fickle lande,
To lett themm knowe howe wyde the rule
'Twixt kynge and tyrant hande:

Thye pow'rr unjuſt, thou traytorr ſlave!
Shalle falle onne thye owne hedde—
Fromm out the hearyng of the kynge
Departedd thenne the ſledde.

Kynge Edwarde's ſoule ruſh'dd to hys face,
Hee turn'dd hys hedde awaie,
And to hys broderr Glouceſter
Hee thus dydd ſpeeke and ſaie:

To hymm that ſoe-much-dreadedd dethe
Ne ghaſtlie feares canne brynge!
Beholde the manne! hee ſpoke the truthe,
Hee's greaterr thanne a kynge!

Soe lett hymm die! duke Richard ſayde;
And maye echone oure foes
Bende downe theyre neckes to bloudie axe,
And feede the caryonn crowes.

And nowe the horſes gentlie drewe
Syrr Charles uppe the hyghe hylle;
The axe dydd glyſterr ynne the ſunne,
Hys pretious bloude to ſpylle.

Syrr Charles dydd uppe the ſcaffold goe,
As uppe a gilded carre
Of victorye, bye val'rous chiefs,
Gayn'd ynne the bloudie warre:

And to the people hee dydd ſaie,
Beholde you ſee mee dye,
For ſervynge loyallye mye kynge,
Mye kynge moſt ryghtfullie.

As longe as Edwarde rules thys lande,
Ne quiet you wylle knowe;
Youre ſonnes and huſbandes ſhalle bee ſlayne,
And brookes wythe bloude ſhalle flowe.

You leave youre goode and lawfulle kynge,
Whenne ynne adverſitye;
Lyke mee untoe the true cauſe flycke,
And for the true cauſe dye.

Thenn hee, wythe preeſtes, uponne hys knees,
A pray'rr to Godde dydd make,
Beſeechynge hymm unto himſelfe
Hys partynge ſoule to take.

Thenne kneelynge downe, hee layd hys hedde,
Moſt ſeemlie onne the blocke;
Whyche fromme hys bodie fayre at once
The able heddes-manne ſtroke:

And oute the bloude beganne to flowe,
And rounde the ſcaffolde twyne;
And teares enow to waſhe 't awaie,
Dydd flowe fromme each manne's eyne.

The bloudie axe hys bodye fayre
Ynnto foure parties cutte;
And ev'rye parte, and eke hys hedde,
Uponne a pole was putte.

One parte dydd rotte onne Kynwulph-Hylle,
One onne the mynſterr-towerr,
And one fromme off the caſtle-gate
The crowenn dydd devoure:

The other onne Seyncte Powle's goode gate,
A dreery ſpectacle;
Hys hedde was plac'd onne the hyghe croſſe,
Ynne hyghe ſtreete moſt nobile.

Thus was the ende of Bawdin's fate:
Godde proſperr longe oure kynge,
And grante hee maye, wythe Bawdin's ſoule,
Ynne Heav'nne Godde's mercie ſynge!

II.

The moſt cruel murther of Edward V. and his brother the duke of York, in the Tower, by their uncle the duke of Gloceſter.

WHEN God had ta'en away true wiſdom's king,
Edward the IVth, whoſe fame ſhall always ring;
Which reigned had full two and twenty years,
And ruled well amongſt his noble peers.

When as he dy'd, two ſons he left behind,
The prince of Wales, and duke of York moſt kind:
The prince the eldeſt but eleven years old;
The duke more young, as chronicles have told.

The dead king's brother, duke of Gloceſter,
Was choſen for the prince his protector;
Who ſtraitway plotted how to get the crown,
And pull his brother Edward's children down.

Edward the fifth the prince was call'd by name,
Who by ſucceſſion did that title gain:
A prudent prince, whoſe wiſdom did excel
Which made his uncles' heart with hatred ſwell.

Then

Then did the duke uſe all the means he might,
By damn'd devices for to work their ſpite;
At length the devil put it in his head,
How all his plots ſhould be accompliſhed.

With ſugar'd words, which had a poiſon'd ſting,
He did entice the duke and the young king,
For ſafety's ſake to lodge them in the Tower;
A ſtrong defence, and London's chiefeſt flower.

With fair-ſpoke ſpeeches and bewitching charms,
He told them 'twould ſecure them from all harms:
Thus by fair words, yet cruel treachery,
He won their hearts within the Tower to lie.

Great entertainment he theſe princes gave,
And caus'd the Tower to be furniſh'd brave;
With ſumptous chear he feaſted them that day:
Thus ſubtle wolves with harmleſs lambs do play.

With muſick ſweet he fill'd their princely ears,
And to their face a ſmiling count'nance bears;
But his foul heart with miſchief was poſſeſs'd,
And treach'rous thoughts were always in his breaſt.

When as bright Phœbus had poſſeſs'd the weſt,
And that the time was come for all to reſt;
The duke of Glo'ſter the two princes led
Into a ſumptuous chamber to their bed.

When theſe ſweet children thus were laid in bed,
And to the Lord their hearty prayers had ſaid;
Sweet ſlumb'ring ſleep then cloſing up their eyes,
Each folded in the other's arms there lies.

The bloody uncle of theſe children ſweet,
Unto a knight to break his mind thought meet;
One Sir James Tyrrill, which did think it beſt,
For to agree unto his vile requeſt.

Sir James, he ſaid, my reſolution 's this,
And for to do the ſame you muſt not miſs:
This night ſee that the king be murthered,
With the young duke, as they do lie in bed:

So when theſe branches I have hewed down,
There is none left to keep me from the crown:
My brother, duke of Clarence, he was found
I' th' Tower, within a butt of Malmſey drown'd:

It was my plot that he ſhould drowned be,
'Cauſe none ſhould claim the crown but only me:
And when theſe children thou haſt murthered,
I'll wear that diadem upon my head.

And know, thou Tyrrill, when that I am king,
I'll raiſe thy ſtate, and honours to thee bring,
Then be reſolv'd, and be not thou afraid.
My lord, I 'll do it, bloody Tyrrill ſaid,

He got two villains for to act this part,
Diſguiſed murtherers, each a hell-bred heart;
The one Miles Foreſt, which their keeper was,
The other John Dighton, maſter of his horſe.

At midnight then, when all things they were huſh'd,
Theſe bloody ſlaves into the chamber ruſh'd;
And to the bed full ſoftly they did creep,
Where theſe ſweet princes lay full faſt aſleep:

Who preſently did wrap them in the clothes,
And ſtopp'd their harmleſs breath with the pillows;
Yet did they ſtrive and ſtruggle what they might,
Until the ſlaves had ſtifled both them quite.

When as the murth'rers ſaw that they were dead,
They took their bodies forth the fatal bed;
And then they bury'd theſe ſame little ones,
At the ſtair-feet, under a heap of ſtones.

But mark how God did ſcourge them for this deed,
As in the chronicles you there may read;
Blood deſerves blood, for ſo the Lord hath ſaid;
And at the length their blood was truly paid.

For when their uncle he had reign'd two years,
He fell at variance then amongſt his peers;
In Lei'ſterſhire, at Boſworth he was ſlain,
By Richmond's earl, as he did rightly gain.

In pieces he was hewed by his foes;
Thus Richard crook-back ended life with woes;
They ſtripp'd him then, and dragg'd him up and down,
And on ſtout Richmond's head they put the crown.

The bloody murtherer, Sir James Tyrrill,
For treaſon loſt his head on Tower-hill;
And to Miles Foreſt fell no worſe a lot;
Alive in pieces he away did rot.

And John Dighton, the other bloody fiend,
No man could tell how he came to his end.
Thus God did pay theſe murth'rers for their hire;
And hell-bred Pluto plagues them now with fire.

III.

The life and death of the great Duke of Buckingham, who came to an untimely end, for conſenting to the depoſing of the two gallant young princes, king Edward the fourth's children.

A Tale of grief I muſt unfold,
A tale that never yet was told,
A tale that might to pity move,
The ſpirits below, the ſaints above.

When

When wars did plague this maiden land,
Great Buckingham in grace did ſtand;
With kings and queens he ruled ſo,
When he ſaid Ay, none durſt ſay No.

Great Glouceſter's duke that waſh'd the throne
With blood of kings to make 't his own,
By Henry Stafford's help obtain'd
What reaſon will'd to be refrain'd.

If any noble of this land,
Againſt great Glouceſter's aim did ſtand,
Old Buckingham with might and power,
In grievous woes did him devour.

He hop'd when Richard was made king,
He would much greater honours bring
To Buckingham and to his name,
And well reward him for the ſame.

In Clarence death he had a hand,
And 'gainſt king Edward's queen did ſtand,
And to her ſons bore little love,
When he as baſtards would them prove.

King Edward ſwore him by his oath,
In true allegiance to them both,
Which if I fail, I wiſh, quoth he,
All Chriſtians curſe may light on me.

It ſo fell out on All Souls day,
By law his life was ta'en away:
He had his wiſh, though not his will,
For treaſon's end is always ill.

In London having pleaded claim,
And Richard thereby won the game,
He challeng'd honour for his gain,
But was rewarded with diſdain.

On which diſgrace within few hours,
Great Buckingham had rais'd his powers:
But all in vain, the king was ſtrong,
And Stafford needs muſt ſuffer wrong.

His army fail'd, and durſt not ſtand,
Upon a traytor's falſe command.
Being thus deceiv'd, old Stafford fled,
And knew not where to hide his head.

The king with ſpeed to have him found,
Did offer full ten thouſand pound:
Thus Richard ſought to caſt him down,
Whoſe wit did win him England's crown.

The plain old duke his life to ſave,
Of his own man did ſuccour crave;
In hope that he would him relieve,
That late much land to him did give.

Baſe Baniſter this man was nam'd,
By this vile deed for ever ſham'd:
It is, quoth he, a common thing,
To injure him who wrong'd his king.

King Edward's children he betray'd,
The like 'gainſt him I well have plaid:
Being true, my heart him greatly grac'd,
But proving falſe that love is paſt.

Thus Baniſter his maſter ſold
Unto his foe for hire of gold;
But mark his end, and rightly ſee,
The juſt reward of treachery.

The duke by law did loſe his head,
For him he ſought to do moſt good;
The man that wrought his maſter's woe,
By lingring grief was brought full low.

For when the king did hear him ſpeak,
How baſely he the duke did take,
Inſtead of gold gave him diſgrace,
With baniſhment from town to place.

Thus Baniſter was forc'd to beg,
And crave for food with cap and leg,
But none on him would bread beſtow,
That to his maſter prov'd a foe.

Thus

Thus wandring in this poor eſtate,
Repenting his miſdeeds too late,
Till ſtarved he gave up his breath,
By no man pitied at his death.

To woful end his children came,
Sore puniſh'd for their father's ſhame:
Within a channel one was drown'd,
Where water ſcarce could hide the ground.

Another by the powers divine,
Was ſtrangely eaten up of ſwine:
The laſt a woful ending makes,
By ſtrangling in an empty jakes.

Let traytors thus behold and ſee,
And ſuch as falſe to maſters be:
Let diſobedient ſons draw near,
The judgments well may touch them near.

Both old and young that live not well,
Look to be plagu'd from heaven or hell;
So have you heard the ſtory then
Of this great duke of Buckingham.

IV.

A ſong of the life and death of king Richard III, who, after many murthers by him committed upon the princes and nobles of this land, was ſlain at the battle of Boſworth, in Leiceſterſhire, by Henry VII. king of England.

IN England once there reign'd a king,
A tyrant fierce and fell,
Who for to gain himſelf a crown,
Gave ſure his ſoul to hell:
Third Richard was this tyrant's name,
The worſt of all the three;
That wrought ſuch deeds of deadly dole,
That worſer could not be.

For his deſires were ſtill (by blood)
To be made England's king,
Which he to gain that golden prize,
Did many a wondrous thing:
He ſlaughter'd up our noble peers,
And chiefeſt in this land,
With every one that likely was
His title to withſtand.

Four bloody fields the tyrant fought,
  Ere he could bring to paſs
What he made lawleſs claim unto,
  As his beſt liking was:
Sixth Henry's princely ſon he ſlew,
  Before his father's face,
And weeded from our Engliſh throne,
  All his renowned race.

This king likewiſe in London tower,
  He murthering made away:
His brother duke of Clarence life,
  He alſo did betray,
With thoſe right noble princes twain,
  King Edward's children dear,
Becauſe to England's royal crown
  He thought them both too near.

His own dear wife alſo he ſlew,
  Inceſtuouſly to wed
His own dear daughter, which for fear
  Away from him was fled:
And made ſuch havock in this land,
  Of all the royal blood,
That only one was left unſlain,
  To have his claims withſtood.

Earl Richmond he by heaven preſerv'd,
To right his country's wrong,
From France prepar'd full well to fight,
Brought o'er an army ſtrong:
To whom lord Stanley nobly came,
With many an Engliſh peer,
And join'd their forces all in one,
Earl Richmond's heart to chear.

Which news when as the tyrant heard,
How they were come on ſhore,
And how his forces day by day,
Increaſed more and more:
He frets, he fumes, and ragingly
A madding fury ſhows,
And thought it but in vain to ſtay,
And ſo to battel goes.

Earl Richmond he in order brave,
His fearleſs army led,
In midſt of whom theſe noble words,
Their valiant leader ſaid,
Now is the time and place, ſweet friends,
And we the ſoldiers be,
That muſt bring England's peace again,
Or loſe our lives muſt we.

Be valiant then, we fight for fame,
And for our country's good,
Againſt a tyrant mark'd with ſhame,
For ſhedding Engliſh blood:
I am right heir of Lancaſter,
Entitl'd to the crown,
Againſt this bloody * boar of York,
Then let us win renown.

Mean while had furious Richard ſet
His army in array,
And with a ghaſtly look of fear,
Deſparingly did ſay,
Shall Henry Richmond with his troops
O'er-match us thus by might,
That comes with fearful cowardice,
With us this day to fight?

Shall Tudor from Plantagenet
Win thus the crown away?
No, Richard's noble mind foretels,
That ours will be the day:
For golden crowns we bravely fight,
And gold ſhall be their gain,
In great abundance giv'n to them,
That live this day unſlain.

* Richard was uſually called the Boar of York, by reaſon of the boar he had in his coat of arms.

Theſe words being ſpoke, the battels join'd,
Where blows they bravely change,
And Richmond, like a lion bold,
Performed wonders ſtrange;
And made ſuch ſlaughter through the camp,
Till he king Richard 'ſpies,
Who fighting long together there,
At laſt the tyrant dies.

Thus ended England's woful war,
Uſurping Richard dead,
King Henry fair Elizabeth
In princely ſort did wed:
For he was then made England's king,
And ſhe is crowned queen:
So 'twixt theſe houſes long at ſtrife,
A unity was ſeen.

V.

The Union of the Red Roſe and the White, by a marriage between king Henry VII. and a daughter of Edward IV.

WHEN York and Lancaſter made war
Within this famous land,
The lives of England's noble peers
Did much in danger ſtand.
Seven Engliſh kings in bloody fields,
For England's crown did fight;
Of which their heirs were all but twain,
Of life bereaved quite.

Then thirty thouſand Engliſhmen
Were in one battel ſlain;
Yet could not all this Engliſh blood
A ſettled peace obtain.
Fathers unkind their children kill'd,
And ſons their fathers ſlew;
Yea, kindred fought againſt their kind,
And not each other knew.

At laſt, by Henry's lawful claim,
The waſting wars had end:
For England's peace he ſoon reſtor'd,
And did the ſame defend.
For tyrant Richard, nam'd the third,
The breeder of this woe,
By him was ſlain near Leiceſter town,
As chronicles do ſhow.

All feats of war he thus exil'd,
Which joy'd each Engliſhman;
And days of long-deſir'd peace
Within the land began.
He rul'd this kingdom by true love,
To chear his ſubjects lives:
For every one had daily joy
And comfort of their wives.

King Henry had ſuch princely care
Our further peace to frame,
Took fair Elizabeth to wife,
That gallant Yorkiſh dame:
Fourth Edward's daughter, bleſs'd of God,
To 'ſcape king Richard's ſpite,
Was thus made England's peerleſs queen,
And Henry's heart's delight.

Thus Henry, firſt of Tudor's name,
And Lancaſter the firſt,
With York's right heir a true love's knot
Did link and tye full faſt.
Renowned York the white roſe gave,
Brave Lancaſter the red:
By wedlock now conjoin'd to grow
Both in one princely bed.

Theſe roſes ſprang and budded fair,
And carry'd ſuch a grace,
That kings of England in their arms
Afford them worthy place.
And flouriſh may thoſe roſes long,
That all the world may tell,
How owners of theſe princely flow'rs
In virtues did excel.

To glorify theſe roſes more,
King Henry and his queen
Firſt plac'd their pictures in wrought gold,
Moſt gorgeous to be ſeen.
The king's own guard now wear the ſame
Upon their back and breaſt;
Where love and loyalty remain,
And evermore ſhall reſt.

The red roſe on the back is plac'd,
Thereon a crown of gold:
The white roſe on the breaſt is brave,
And coſtly to behold.
Bedeck'd moſt rich with ſilver ſtuds,
On coat of ſcarlet red;
A bluſhing hue, which England's fame
Now many a year hath bred.

Thus Tudor and Plantagenet
Theſe honours firſt devis'd,
To welcome long-deſired peace,
With us ſo highly priz'd.
A peace that now maintained is,
By James our royal king:
For peace brings plenty to the land,
With ev'ry bleſſed thing.

To ſpeak again of Henry's praiſe,
His princely lib'ral hand
Gave gifts and graces many ways
Unto this famous land:
For which the Lord him bleſſings ſent,
And multiplied his ſtore;
In that he left more wealth to us
Than any king before.

For firſt his ſweet and lovely queen,
A joy above the reſt,
Brought him both ſons and daughters fair,
To make his kingdom bleſs'd.
The royal blood that was at ebb,
So increas'd by his queen,
That England's heirs unto this day
Do flouriſh fair and green.

The firſt fair bleſſing of his ſeed
Was Arthur prince of Wales,
Whoſe virtue to the Spaniſh court
Quite o'er the ocean ſails.
There Ferdinand, the king of Spain,
His daughter Katherine gave
For wife unto the Engliſh prince;
A thing that God would have.

Yet Arthur in his lofty youth,
And blooming time of age,
Submitted meekly his ſweet life
To death's impartial rage;
Who dying ſo, no iſſue left,
The ſweet of nature's joy,
Which compaſs'd England round with grief,
And Spain with ſad annoy.

King Henry's ſecond comfort prov'd
A Henry of his name;
In following times eighth Henry call'd,
A king of noble fame.
He conquer'd Bulloign with his ſword,
With many towns in France:
With manly mind and fortitude,
Did England's fame advance.

He popiſh abbeys firſt ſuppreſs'd,
And papiſtry pull'd down;
And bound their lands by parliament
Unto his royal crown.
He had three children by three wives,
And princes reigning here;
Edward, Mary, and Elizabeth
A queen belov'd moſt dear.

Theſe three ſweet branches bear no fruit,
God no ſuch joy did ſend;
Thro' which the kingly Tudor's name
In England here had end.
The laſt Plantagenet that liv'd
Was nam'd Elizabeth:
Elizabeth laſt Tudor was,
The greateſt queen on earth.

Seventh Henry yet we name again,
Whoſe grace gave free conſent
To have his daughters marry'd both
To kings of high deſcent:
Marg'ret, the eldeſt of the twain,
Was made great Scotland's queen;
As wiſe, as fair, as virtuous
As e'er was lady ſeen.

From which fair queen, our royal king
Does lineally deſcend;
And rightfully enjoys that crown,
Which God does ſtill befriend.
For Tudor and Plantagenet,
By yielding unto death,
Have made renowned Stuart's name
The greateſt upon earth.

His youngeſt daughter, Mary call'd,
As princely in degree,
Was by her father worthy thought
The queen of France to be:
And after to the Suffolk duke
Was made a noble wife,
When in the famous Engliſh court
She led a virtuous life.

King Henry and his loving queen
Rejoic'd to ſee the day,
To have their children thus advanc'd
With honours every way.
Which purchas'd pleaſure and content,
With many years delight;
Till ſad miſchance, by cruel death,
Procur'd them both a ſpite.

The queen, that fair and princely dame,
That mother meek and mild,
To add more number to her joy,
Again grew big with child:
All which brought comfort to her king,
Againſt which careful hour,
He lodg'd his dear kind-hearted queen
In London's ſtately tower.

That tow'r that was ſo fatal once
To princes of degree,
Prov'd fatal to this noble queen,
For therein died ſhe.
In childbed loſt ſhe her ſweet life,
Her life eſteem'd ſo dear;
Which had been England's loving queen
Full many a happy year.

The king herewith poſſeſs'd with grief,
Spent many months in moan;
And daily ſigh'd and ſaid, that he,
Like her, could find out none;
Nor none could he in fancy chuſe
To make his wedded wife;
Wherefore a widow'r would remain
The remnant of his life.

His after-days he ſpent in peace
And quietneſs of mind:
Like king and queen, as theſe two were,
The world can hardly find.
Our king and queen, yet like to them
In virtue and true love,
Have heav'nly bleſſings in like ſort,
From heav'nly pow'rs above.

VI.

The ſtory of Ill May-day, in the time of king Henry VIII. and why it was ſo called; and how queen Catherine begged the lives of two thouſand London apprentices.

The following ſong is founded upon a fact; nor has the writer taken many liberties in altering it, having only magnified and illuſtrated the ſtory. The thing happened on the May-eve, of the year 1517, *the eighth of Henry VIIIth's reign. Numbers of foreigners were at that time ſettled in England, with particular privileges; and our author obſerves, ran away with the greateſt part of the trade, whilſt ſeveral of the natives wanted. Exaſperated at this, ſeveral were for encouraging a tumult, but particularly one Lincolne, a broker, who hired a certain preacher, called Dr. Bele, to inflame the people by his ſermons. The court perceiv'd what the citizens would fain be at, but to prevent them, an order was ſent by the king and his privy-council to the lord-mayor and aldermen, that they required every houſekeeper, under very ſevere penalties, to take care that all his ſervants and his whole family ſhould be within-doors by nine at night; and this the magiſtrates were to ſee punctually performed. This order was for ſome time very well obſerved, but ſtill they wanted only an opportunity of riſing, which an accident gave them. Two apprentices playing in the ſtreets about eleven o-clock on the May-eve, the alderman of the ward came to arreſt them; but they thinking they had more privilege on that night than any other, began*

began to call out to their fellows for assistance, and so many came running out of doors from the neighbourhood, that the alderman was forced to fly. Encouraged by this, and seeing their numbers increase as the rumour of their being up spread, they hastened to the prisons, where some had been committed for abusing strangers, and these they first delivered. The lord-mayor and sheriffs, and sir Thomas Moore, who had been their recorder, and was very much beloved by them, could not with all their persuasions restrain them, and force they had not sufficient to oppose them; but furiously rushing on to the house of a very rich foreigner, whom, as he was a great trader, they particularly hated, they broke open his doors, killed every one they met with there, and rifled all the goods; and in other places they committed divers other outrages. At length the news of this disorder reached the ears of the earls of Shrewsbury and Surrey: they rose, and taking with them all the inns-of-court men, they cleared the streets of the rioters, and took numbers of them prisoners. Shortly after, the duke of Norfolk, and the earl of Surrey, with 1300 soldiers, came into the city, and joining the lord-mayor and aldermen, proceeded against the criminals. Two hundred and seventy-eight were found guilty, but whether through the intercession of queen Catherine, or through a merciful disposition of king Henry, not above twelve or fifteen suffered; Lincolne, with three or four more of the most guilty, were hanged, drawn and quartered; about ten more were hanged on gibbets in the streets, and the lord-mayor, aldermen and recorder appearing on the behalf of the rest at court, they received a check, as if some of the magistracy had connived at the riot; and the rest of the criminals were ordered to appear before the king at Westminster in white shirts, and halters about their necks; and with them mixed a great number of people, who were not before suspected, that they might be entitled to a pardon; which the king having granted, he also ordered the gibbets which had been erected, to be taken down; and the citizens were again restored to favour.

PERUSE

PERUSE the ſtories of this land,
And with adviſement mark the ſame,
And you ſhall juſtly underſtand
How Ill May-day firſt got the name.
For when king Henry th' eighth did reign,
And rul'd our famous kingdom here,
His royal queen he had from Spain,
With whom he liv'd full many a year.

Queen Catherine nam'd, as ſtories tell,
Sometime his elder brother's wife:
By which unlawful marriage fell
An endleſs trouble during life:
But ſuch kind love he ſtill conceiv'd,
Of his fair queen, and of her friends,
Which being by Spain and France perceiv'd,
Their journeys faſt for England bends.

And with good leave were ſuffered
Within our kingdom here to ſtay:
Which multitude made victuals dear,
And all things elſe from day to day:
For ſtrangers then did ſo increaſe,
By reaſon of king Henry's queen,
And privileg'd in many a place
To dwell, as was in London ſeen.

Poor tradeſmen had ſmall dealing then,
And who but ſtrangers bore the bell?
Which was a grief to Engliſhmen,
To ſee them here in London dwell:
Wherefore (God wot) upon May-eve,
As prentices on Maying went,
Who made the magiſtrates believe,
At all to have no other intent.

But ſuch a May-game it was known,
As like in London never were;
For by the ſame full many a one,
With loſs of life did pay full dear:
For thouſands came with Bilbo blade,
As with an army they could meet,
And ſuch a bloody ſlaughter made
Of foreign ſtrangers in the ſtreet,

That all the channels ran down with blood,
In every ſtreet where they remain'd;
Yea, every one in danger ſtood,
That any of their part maintain'd;
The rich, the poor, the old, the young,
Beyond the ſeas tho' born and bred,
By prentices they ſuffer'd wrong,
When armed thus they gather'd head.

Such

Such multitudes together went,
No warlike troops could them withſtand,
Nor yet by policy them prevent,
What they by force thus took in hand:
Till at the laſt king Henry's power,
This multitude encompaſs'd round,
Where with the ſtrength of London's tower,
They were by force ſuppreſs'd and bound.

And hundreds hang'd by martial law,
On ſign-poſts at their maſters doors,
By which the reſt were kept in awe,
And frighted from ſuch loud uproars:
And others which the fact repented,
(Two thouſand prentices at leaſt)
Were all unto the king preſented,
As mayor and magiſtrates thought beſt.

With two and two together tied,
Through Temple-bar and Strand they go,
To Weſtminſter there to be tried,
With ropes about their necks alſo:
But ſuch a cry in every ſtreet,
Till then was never heard or known,
By mothers for their children ſweet,
Unhappily thus overthrown.

Whoſe bitter moans and ſad laments
Poſſeſs'd the court with trembling fear;
Whereat the queen herſelf relents,
Tho' it concern'd her country dear:
What if (quoth ſhe) by Spaniſh blood,
Have London's ſtately ſtreets been wet,
Yet will I ſeek this country's good,
And pardon for theſe young men get.

Or elſe the world will ſpeak of me,
And ſay queen Catherine was unkind,
And judge me ſtill the cauſe to be,
Theſe young men did theſe fortunes find:
And ſo diſrob'd from rich attires,
With hairs hang'd down, ſhe ſadly hies,
And of her gracious lord requires
A boon, which hardly he denies.

The lives (quoth ſhe) of all the blooms
Yet budding green, theſe youths I crave;
O let them not have timeleſs tombs,
For nature longer limits gave:
In ſaying ſo, the pearled tears
Fell trickling from her princely eyes;
Whereat his gentle queen he chears,
And ſays, Stand up, ſweet lady, riſe.

The lives of them I freely give,
No means this kindneſs ſhall debar,
Thou haſt thy boon, and they may live,
To ſerve me in my Bullen war.
No ſooner was this pardon given,
But peals of joy rung through the hall,
As though it thunder'd down from heaven,
The queen's renown amongſt them all.

For which (kind queen) with joyful heart,
She gave to them both thanks and praiſe,
And ſo from them did gently part,
And liv'd beloved all her days:
And when king Henry ſtood in need
Of truſty ſoldiers at command,
Theſe prentices prov'd men indeed,
And fear'd no force of warlike band.

For at the ſiege of Tours in France,
They ſhew'd themſelves brave Engliſhmen;
At Bullen too they did advance,
St. George's luſty ſtandard then;
Let Tourine, Tournay, and thoſe towns
That good king Henry nobly won,
Tell London's prentices renowns,
And of their deeds by them there done.

For Ill May-day, and ill May-games,
Perform'd in young and tender days,
Can be no hindrance to their fames,
Or ſtains of manhood any ways:
But now it is ordain'd by law,
We ſee on May-day's eve at night,
To keep unruly youths in awe,
By London's watch in armour bright.

Still to prevent the like miſdeed,
Which once through headſtrong young men came;
And that's the cauſe that I do read,
May-day doth get ſo ill a name.

VII.

A ſong of an Engliſh knight, that married the royal princeſs, lady Mary, ſiſter to king Henry VIII. which knight was afterwards made duke of Suffolk.

Sir Charles Brandon, viſcount Liſle, the hero of the following ſong, was, for ſeveral good ſervices done to king Henry VIII. created duke of Suffolk in the year 1514, *and it was thought at the time the king conferred this honour upon*

upon him, he intended him a far greater, by giving him his second sister the princess Mary in marriage; but just at this time Lewis XII. of France seeking the alliance of the English king, a match was made up between him and the princess, to the great grief of the duke; who, however, though he dearly loved her, had honour enough never to use the least means for preventing the marriage, thinking it so very much to her advantage. The princess, with a noble retinue, was sent over to France, where she married Lewis on the 9th of October 1514; *but that monarch did not long enjoy her, he dying the first of January following. His successor Francis I. proposed the queen dowager's return into England, to which king Henry consented, after having made the best conditions he could for his sister, and taken security for the payment of her dowry. This done, some of the English nobles were appointed to go over into France to receive the queen, and conduct her back; amongst them were the duke of Suffolk, who, upon his arrival, renewing his suit, and being already in her good graces, found it no difficult matter to gain his point; and wisely concluding, that king Henry might not so readily consent to his marrying the dowager of France, as he would have done to his marrying the princess his sister, he would not delay his happiness, but had the marriage privately celebrated before he left France. When the news was brought to Henry, he seemed much dissatisfied with it, and at first kept Suffolk at a distance; but the king of France and others interceding in his behalf, he was very well reconciled to him, and the duke had no small share afterwards in the administration of affairs. It is remarkable, that neither this lady or her sister had any great pride or ambition in them; for although they both, by the care of their friends, had been wedded to monarchs, we find that the eldest sister princess Margaret, after having buried her first husband, James V. of Scotland, chose one of her nobles for a second, and married Archibald Douglass, earl of Angus.*

EIghth Henry ruling in this land,
He had a ſiſter fair,
That was the widow'd queen of France,
Enrich'd with virtues rare:
And being come to England's court,
She oft beheld a knight,
Charles Brandon nam'd, in whoſe fair eyes,
She chiefly took delight.

And noting in her princely mind,
His gallant ſweet behaviour,
She daily drew him by degrees,
Still more and more in favour:
Which he perceiving, courteous knight,
Found fitting time and place,
And thus in amorous ſort began,
His love-ſuit to her grace:

I am at love, fair queen, ſaid he,
Sweet let your love incline,
That by your grace Charles Brandon may
On earth be made divine:
If worthleſs I might worthy be
To have ſo good a lot,
To pleaſe your highneſs in true love,
My fancy doubteth not.

Or if that gentry might convey
So great a grace to me,
I can maintain the ſame by birth,
Being come of good degree.
If wealth you think be all my want,
Your highneſs hath great ſtore,
And my ſupplement ſhall be love,
What can you wiſh for more?

It hath been known when hearty love
Did tie the true-love knot,
Though now if gold and ſilver want,
The marriage proveth not.
The goodly queen hereat did bluſh,
But made a dumb reply;
Which he imagin'd what ſhe meant,
And kiſs'd her reverently.

Brandon (quoth ſhe) I greater am,
Than would I were for thee,
But can as little maſter love,
As them of low degree:
My father was a king, and ſo
A king my huſband was,
My brother is the like, and he
Will ſay I do tranſgreſs.

But let him ſay what pleaſeth him,
His liking I 'll forego,
And chuſe a love to pleaſe myſelf,
Though all the world ſay no:
If plowmen make their marriages,
As beſt contents their mind,
Why ſhould not princes of eſtate
The like contentment find?

But tell me, Brandon, am I not
More forward than beſeems?
Yet blame me not for love, I love
Where beſt my fancy deems.
And long may live (quoth he) to love,
Nor longer live may I,
Than when I love your royal grace,
And then diſgraced die.

But if I do deſerve your love,
My mind deſires diſpatch,
For many are the eyes in court,
That on your beauty watch;
But am not I, ſweet lady, now
More forward than behoves?
Yet for my heart, forgive my tongue,
That ſpeaks for him that loves.

The queen and this brave gentleman
Together both did wed,
And after ſought their king's good-will,
And of their wiſhes ſped:
For Brandon ſoon was made a duke,
And graced ſo in court,
Then who but he did flaunt it forth
Amongſt the nobleſt ſort.

And ſo from princely Brandon's line,
And Mary's did proceed
The noble race of Suffolk's houſe,
As after did ſucceed:
From whoſe high blood the lady Jane,
Lord Guilford Dudley's wife,
Came by deſcent, who with her lord,
In London loſt her life.

VIII.

The doleful death of queen Jane, wife to king Henry VIII. and the manner of prince Edward's being cut out of her womb.

One would think it almoſt impoſſible that there ſhould be the leaſt doubt among writers in any point ſo modern as the fact on which this ballad is founded, and yet if we ſearch our hiſtorians, we ſhall hardly find any of them agreeing in the ſtory of queen Jane. We ſhall not therefore pretend to advance any thing concerning the manner of her death, but ſhall quote the opinions of ſome of our writers, that every one may be at liberty to judge for themſelves.

Anne of Bullen, Henry VIIIth's ſecond queen, being beheaded in the tower for adultery, king Henry was marryed the very next day to lady Jane; who, on the 12th of October (according to the opinion of a vaſt majority) was delivered of a ſon at Hampton-court. But notwithſtanding this, Sir John Hayward aſſerts, that prince Edward was not born until the 17th; and adds, "All reports do conſtantly run, "that he was not by natural paſſage delivered into the world, "but that his mother's belly was opened for his birth; and "that ſhe died of the inciſion the fourth day following." Echard, in his hiſtory of England, is of a very different opinion; where talking of prince Edward's birth, he tells us "That the joy of it was much allayed by the departure of the "admirable queen, who, contrary to the opinion of many "writers, died twelve days after the birth of this prince, "having been well delivered, and without any inciſion, as

"others

" others have maliciouſly reported." Lord Herbert of Cherbury, in his hiſtory of Henry VIII. aſſerts, " That the queen " died two days after her delivery." And indeed he has the authorities of Hollingſhead and Stow to ſupport the aſſertion. Du Cheſne, a native of France, who in his hiſtory of England has undertaken to clear up this point, does but perplex us the more: talking of theſe times he goes on thus: " La " royne Jeanne eſtoit alors enceinte & preſte a enfanter, mais " quand ce vint au terme de l'accouchement elle eut tant de " tourment & de peine, qu' il lui fallut fendre le coſté par " lequel on tira ſon fruit le douzieme jour d' Octobre a Win- " deſore——Elle mourut douze jours après et fut enterré " au Chateau de Windſore."

WHEN as king Henry rul'd this land,
He had a queen I underſtand;
Lord Seymour's daughter fair and bright,
King Henry's comfort and delight:
Yet death, by his remorſeleſs pow'r,
Did blaſt the bloom of this ſweet Flow'r;
O mourn, mourn, mourn, fair ladies;
Jane your queen, the flower of England's dead.

His former queen being wrapt in lead,
This gallant dame poſſeſs'd his bed:
Where rightly from her womb did ſpring
A joyful comfort to her king,
A welcome bleſſing to the land,
Preſerv'd by God's moſt holy hand.
O mourn, &c.

The queen in travail, pained ſore
Full thirty woful days and more,
And no ways could deliver'd be,
As every lady wiſh'd to ſee:
Wherefore the king made greater moan,
Than ever yet his grace had ſhown.
O mourn, &c.

Then being ſomething eas'd in mind,
His eyes a ſlumb'ring ſleep did find;
Where dreaming he had loſt a roſe,
But which he could not well ſuppoſe;
A ſhip he had, a roſe by name;
Oh, no! it was his royal Jane.
O mourn, &c.

Being thus perplex'd with grief and care,
A lady to him did repair,
And ſaid, O king! ſhow us thy will;
The queen's ſweet life to ſave or ſpill.
If ſhe cannot deliver'd be,
Yet ſave the flow'r, tho' not the tree.
O mourn, &c.

Then down upon his tender knee,
For help from heaven prayed he,
Mean while into a ſleep they caſt
His queen, which evermore did laſt:
And op'ning then her tender womb,
Alive they took this budding bloom.
O mourn, &c.

This

This babe ſo born much comfort brought,
And chear'd his father's drooping thought:
Prince Edward he was call'd by name,
Graced with virtue, wit and fame;
And when his father left this earth,
He rul'd this land by lawful birth.
O mourn, &c.

But mark the pow'rful will of heav'n;
We from this joy was ſoon bereav'n:
Six years he reigned in this land,
And then obeyed God's command,
And left his crown to Mary here,
Whoſe five years reign coſt England dear.
O mourn, &c.

Elizabeth reign'd next to her,
Fair Europe's pride, and England's ſtar;
The world's wonder; for ſuch a queen
Under heaven was never ſeen:
A maid, a ſaint, an angel bright,
In whom all princes took delight.
O mourn, mourn, mourn, fair ladies;
Elizabeth, the flower of England's dead.

IX.

A princely ſong of the ſix queens that were married to Henry VIII. king of England.

WHEN England's fame did ring,
Royally, royally,
Of Henry the eighth our king,
All the world over:
Such deeds of majeſty,
Won he moſt worthily,
England to glorify,
By the hand of fair heaven.

His royal father dead,
Curiouſly, curiouſly,
Was he then wrapt in lead,
As it appeareth:
Such a tomb did he make,
For his ſweet father's ſake,
As the whole world may ſpeak
Of his gallant glory.

England's

England's brave monument,
Sumptuouſly, ſumptuouſly,
Kings and queens gave conſent
To have it there grac'd:
Henry the eighth was he,
Builded in gallantry,
With golden bravery,
In his rich chapel.

And after did provide,
Carefully, carefully,
To chuſe a princely bride,
For his land's honour:
His brother's widow he
Married moſt lawfully,
His loving wife to be
Royal queen Catherine.

Which queen he loved dear,
Many a day, many a day,
Full two-and-twenty year,
Ere they were parted.
From this renowned dame,
Mary his daughter came,
Yet did his biſhops frame
To have her divorced.

When as queen Catherine knew
How the king, how the king,
Prov'd in love moſt untrue,
Thus to forſake her;
Good Lord! what bitter woe,
Did this fair princeſs ſhow,
Unkindly thus to go
From her ſweet huſband.

O my kind ſovereign dear,
Said the queen, ſaid the queen,
Full two-and-twenty year
Have I been marry'd:
Sure it will break my heart,
From thee now to depart,
I ne'er plaid wanton's part,
Royal king Henry.

All this availed nought,
Woful queen, woful queen,
A divorce being wrought,
She muſt forſake him:
Never more in his bed
Laid ſhe her princely head:
Was e'er wife ſo beſtead,
Like to queen Catherine?

Amongſt our Engliſhmen,
Of renown, of renown,
The earl of Wiltſhire then
Had a virtuous fair daughter:
A brave and princely dame,
Anna Bullen by name,
This virgin was by fame,
Made wife to king Henry

From this ſame royal queen,
Bleſſedly, bleſſedly,
As it was known and ſeen,
Came our ſweet princeſs
England's Elizabeth,
Faireſt queen on the earth;
Happy made by her birth,
Was this brave kingdom.

When Anna Bullen's place,
Of a queen, of a queen,
Had been for three years ſpace,
More was her ſorrow:
In the king's royal head
Secret diſpleaſure bred,
That coſt the queen her head,
In London's ſtrong tower.

Then took he to wife lady Jane,
Lovingly, lovingly,
That from the Seymours came,
Nobly deſcended;
But her love bought ſhe dear,
She was but queen one year;
In child-bed ſhe dy'd we hear,
Of royal king Edward.

England then underſtand,
Famouſly, famouſly,
Princes three of this land,
Thus came from three queens:
Catherine gave Mary birth,
Anna Elizabeth,
Jane, Edward by her death;
All crown'd in England.

After theſe married he,
All in fame, all in fame,
A dame of dignity,
Fair Anne of Cleve:
Her ſorrow ſoon was ſeen,
Only ſix months a queen,
Graces but growing green,
So quickly divorced.

Yet liv'd ſhe with grief to ſee,
Woful queen, woful queen!
Two more as well as ſhe,
Married unto king Henry:
To enjoy love's delights,
On their ſweet wedding-nights,
Which were her proper rites,
Mournful young princeſs.

Firſt a ſweet gallant dame,
Nobly born, nobly born,
Which had unto her name
Fair Catherine Howard:
But e'er two years were paſt,
Diſliking grew ſo faſt,
She loſt her head at laſt:
Small time of glory!

After her Catherine Parre,
Made he queen, made he queen,
Late wife to Lord Latimer,
Brave Engliſh baron.
This lady of renown,
Deſerved not a frown,
Whilſt Henry wore the crown
Of thrice famous England.

Six royal queens you ſee,
Gallant dames, gallant dames,
At command married he,
Like a great monarch:
Yet lives his famous name,
Without ſpot or defame;
From royal kings he came,
Whom all the world fear'd.

X.

Johnny Armſtrong's laſt good-night, ſhewing how John Armſtrong with his eight-ſcore men fought a bloody battle with the Scotch king, at Edenborough.

The heroe of the following ballad's habitation, was at no great diſtance from the river Ewſe; there he had a ſtrong body of men under his command, and all his neighbours, even the neareſt Engliſh, ſtood in awe of him, and paid him tribute. When James V. reigned in Scotland, and Henry VIIIth. in England, the former, willing to ſuppreſs all robbers, levied a ſmall army, march'd out againſt the banditti, and pitch'd his tents hard by the river Ewſe. At this John Armſtrong became ſenſible of his danger, and would willingly have made his peace. Some of the king's officers finding him in this diſpoſition, ſecretly perſuaded him

to

to make his ſubmiſſion; adding, that they durſt aſſure him he would be kindly received. Armſtrong followed their counſel, and with ſixty horſemen unarmed, haſtened to the king, but imprudently forgot to provide himſelf with paſſes, and a ſafe-conduct. Thoſe who had given him this advice, ſenſible of his error, lay in ambuſh for, ſurprized and took him, with his ſixty men, and carried them all to the king, pretending that they had made them priſoners. Nor was he accuſed of robbing only, but of having alſo formed a deſign of delivering up that part of the country to the Engliſh; and being condemned, he with fifty-four of his companions was hanged, the other ſix were reſerved as hoſtages, to deter their fellows from being guilty of the like crime. Our poet poſſibly thought, that the gallows was too low a death for his heroe, and therefore rather choſe to let him die bravely fighting. Inſtead of three, he gives him a retinue of eightſcore men, and lays the ſcene in Edenburg; and theſe, I think, are the only material points in which he differs from hiſtory.

IS there ever a man in all Scotland,
From the higheſt eſtate to the loweſt degree,
That can ſhew himſelf before our king,
Scotland is ſo full of treachery?

Yes, there is a man in Weſtmoreland,
And Johnny Armſtrong they do him call,
He has no lands or rents coming in,
Yet he keeps eightſcore men within his hall.

He has horſes and harneſs for them all,
And goodly ſteeds that be milk-white,
With their goodly belts about their necks,
With hats and feathers all alike.

The king he writes a loving letter,
And with his own hand ſo tenderly,
And hath ſent it unto Johnny Armſtrong,
To come and ſpeak with him ſpeedily.

When John he look'd this letter upon,
He look'd as blith as a bird in a tree,
I was never before a king in my life,
My father, my grandfather, nor none of us three.

But ſeeing we muſt go before the king,
Lord we will go moſt gallantly,
Ye ſhall every one have a velvet coat,
Laid down with golden laces three.

And every one ſhall have a ſcarlet cloak,
Laid down with ſilver laces five,
With your golden belts about your necks,
With hats and feathers all alike.

But when Johnny went from Giltnock-hall,
The wind it blew hard, and full faſt it did rain,
Now fare thee well thou Giltnock-hall,
I fear I ſhall never ſee thee again.

Now Johnny he is to Edenborough gone,
With his eightſcore men ſo gallantly,
And every one of them on a milk-white ſteed,
With their bucklers and ſwords hanging to their knee.

But when John came the king before,
With his eightſcore men ſo gallant to ſee,
The king he mov'd his bonnet to him,
He thought he had been a king as well as he.

O pardon, pardon, my ſovereign liege,
Pardon for my eightſcore men and me;
For my name it is Johnny Armſtrong,
And ſubject of your's, my liege, ſaid he.

Away with thee, thou falſe traytor,
No pardon will I grant to thee,
But to-morrow morning by eight of the clock,
I will hang up thy eightſcore men and thee.

Then Johnny look'd over his left ſhoulder,
And to his merry men thus ſaid he,
I have aſk'd grace of a graceleſs face,
No pardon there is for you and me.

Then John pull'd out his good broad ſword,
That was made of the mettle ſo free,
Had not the king mov'd his foot as he did,
John had taken his head from his fair body.

Come, follow me, my merry men all,
We will ſcorn one foot for to fly,
It ſhall never be ſaid we were hang'd like dogs,
We will fight it out moſt manfully.

Then they fought on like champions bold,
For their hearts were ſturdy, ſtout and free,
Till they had kill'd all the king's good guard;
There were none left alive but one, two, or three.

But then roſe up all Edenborough,
They roſe up by thouſands three,
A cowardly Scot came John behind,
And run him through the fair body.

Said John, fight on my merry men all,
I am a little wounded, but am not ſlain,
I will lay me down and bleed a-while,
Then I 'll riſe and fight again.

Then they fought on like mad men all,
'Till many a man lay dead on the plain,
For they were reſolved before they would yield,
That every man would there be ſlain.

So there they fought courageouſly,
'Till moſt of them lay dead there and ſlain,
But little Muſgrave, that was his foot-page,
With his bonny griſſel got away unta'en.

But when he came to Giltnock-hall,
The lady ſpy'd him preſently,
What news, what news, thou little foot-page,
What news from thy maſter, and his company?

My

My news is bad, lady, he ſaid,
Which I do bring, as you may ſee;
My maſter Johnny Armſtrong is ſlain,
And all his gallant company.

Yet thou art welcome home, my bonny griſſel,
Full oft thou haſt been fed with corn and hay,
But now thou ſhalt be fed with bread and wine,
And thy ſides ſhall be ſpurr'd no more, I ſay.

O then beſpoke his little ſon,
As he ſat on his nurſe's knee,
If ever I live to be a man,
My father's death reveng'd ſhall be.

X.

A pleaſant ballad ſhewing how two valiant knights, ſir John Armſtrong, and ſir Michael Muſgrave fell in love with the beautiful daughter of the lady Dacres in the North; and of the great ſtrife that happened between them for her, and how they wrought the death of one hundred men.

Another poet, willing to conceal the ignominious death of Armſtrong, has in this ſong knighted him, and made his rival kill him; at leaſt we are inclined to believe it is the ſame Armſtrong he is talking of, and for that reaſon we have inſerted it.

AS it fell out one Whitſunday,
The blith time of the year,
When every tree was clad with green,
And pretty birds ſing clear:
The lady Dacres took her way,
Unto the church that pleaſant day,
With her fair daughter freſh and gay,
A bright and bonny laſs.
Fa la tre dang de do
Trang trole le trang de do,
With hey trang trole lo lye,
She was a bonny laſs,

Sir

Sir Michael Muſgrave in like ſort
To church repaired then,
And ſo did Sir John Armſtrong too,
With all his merry men;
Two greater friends there could not be,
Nor braver knights for chivalry,
Both batchelors of high degree,
Fit for a bonny laſs.

They ſat them down upon one ſeat,
Like loving brethren dear,
With hearts and minds devoutly bent,
God's ſervice for to hear;
But riſing from their prayers tho'
Their eyes a ranging ſtrait did go,
Which wrought their utter overthrow,
All for one bonny laſs.

Quoth Muſgrave unto Armſtrong then,
Yon ſits the ſweeteſt dame,
That ever for her fair beauty
Within this country came.
Inſooth, quoth Armſtrong preſently,
Your judgment I muſt verify,
There never came unto my eye,
A braver bonny laſs.

I ſwear, ſaid Muſgrave, by this ſword,
Which did my knighthood win,
To ſteal away ſo ſweet a dame,
Could be no ghoſtly ſin,
That deed, quoth Armſtrong, would be ill,
Except you had her right good will,
That your deſire ſhe would fulfil,
And be thy bonny laſs.

By this the ſervice quite was done,
And home the people paſt;
They wiſh'd a bliſter on his tongue,
That made thereof ſuch haſte.
At the church door the knights did meet,
The lady Dacres for to greet,
But moſt of all her daughter ſweet,
That beauteous bonny laſs.

Said Armſtrong to the lady fair,
We both have made a vow,
At dinner for to be your gueſts,
If you will it allow.
With that beſpoke the lady free,
Sir knights, right welcome you ſhall be,
The happier men therefore are we,
For love of this bonny laſs.

Thus

Thus were the knights both prick'd in love,
Both in one moment thrall'd,
And both with one fair lady gay,
Fair Iſabella call'd.
With humble thanks they went away,
Like wounded harts chas'd all the day,
One would not to the other ſay,
They lov'd this bonny laſs.

Fair Iſabel on the other ſide
As far in love was found,
So long brave Armſtrong ſhe had ey'd,
Till love her heart did wound:
Brave Armſtrong is my joy, quoth ſhe,
Would Chriſt he were alone with me,
To talk an hour two or three
With his fair bonny laſs.

But as theſe knights together rode,
And homeward did repair,
Their talk and eke their countenance ſhew'd,
Their hearts were clogg'd with care.
Fair Iſabel the one did ſay,
Thou haſt ſubdu'd my heart this day.
But ſhe's my joy, did Muſgrave ſay,
My bright and bonny laſs.

With

With that theſe friends incontinent,
Become moſt deadly foes,
For love of beauteous Iſabel,
Great ſtrife betwixt them roſe:
Quoth Armſtrong, ſhe ſhall be my wife,
Although for her I loſe my life;
And thus began a deadly ſtrife,
And for one bonny laſs.

Thus two years long this grudge did grow,
Theſe gallant knights between,
While they a wooing both did go,
Unto this beauteous queen.
And ſhe who did their furies prove,
To neither would bewray her love,
The deadly quarrel to remove,
About this bonny laſs.

But neither for her fair intreats,
Nor yet her ſharp diſpute,
Would they appeaſe their raging ire
Nor yet give o'er their ſuit.
The gentlemen of the North country,
At laſt did make this good decree,
All for a perfect unity,
About this bonny laſs.

The love-ſick knights ſhould be ſet,
Within one hall ſo wide,
Each of them in a gallant ſort
Even at a ſeveral tide:
And 'twixt them both for certainty,
Fair Iſabel ſhould placed be,
Of them to take her choice full free,
Moſt like a bonny laſs.

And as ſhe like an angel bright,
Betwixt them mildly ſtood,
She turn'd unto each ſeveral knight
With pale and changed blood:
Now am I at liberty
To make and take my choice, quoth ſhe?
Yea, quoth the knights, we do agree,
Then chuſe thou bonny laſs.

O Muſgrave, thou art all too hot
To be a lady's love,
Quoth ſhe, and Armſtrong ſeems a ſot,
Where love binds him to prove;
Of courage great is Muſgrave ſtill,
And ſith to chuſe I have my will,
Sweet Armſtrong ſhall my joys fulfil,
And I his bonny laſs.

The nobles and the gentles both,
That were in preſent place,
Rejoyced at this ſweet record;
But Muſgrave in diſgrace,
Out of the hall did take his way,
And Armſtrong marry'd was next day,
With Iſabel his lady gay,
A bright and bonny laſs.

But Muſgrave on the wedding-day,
Like to a Scotchman dight,
In ſecret ſort allured out
The bridegroom for to fight;
And he that will not outbraved be,
Unto his challenge did agree,
Where he was ſlain moſt ſuddenly
For his fair bonny laſs.

The news whereof was quickly brought
Unto the lovely bride:
And many of young Armſtrong's kin
Did after Muſgrave ride;
They hew'd him when they had him got,
As ſmall as fleſh into a pot,
Lo! thus befel a heavy lot,
About this bonny laſs.

The lady young, which did lament,
This cruel curſed ſtrife,
For very grief dy'd that day,
A maiden and a wife.
An hundred men, that hapleſs day,
Did loſe their lives in that ſame fray;
And 'twixt thoſe names as many ſay,
Is deadly ſtrife ſtill biding.

XI.

A lamentable ditty on the death of lord Guilford Dudley and lady Jane Grey, that, for their parents ambition, in ſeeking to make theſe two young princes king and queen of England, were both beheaded in the Tower of London.

WHEN as king Edward left this life,
In young and blooming years,
Began ſuch deadly hate and ſtrife,
That filled England full of tears.
Ambition in thoſe ancient days,
More than ten thouſand, thouſand, thouſand
Troubles did ariſe.

Northum-

Northumberland being made a duke,
Ambitiouſly did ſeek the crown,
And Suffolk for the ſame did look,
To put queen Mary's title down;
That was king Henry's daughter bright,
And queen of England, England, England,
And king Edward's heir by right.

Lord Guilford and the lady Jane
Were wedded by their parents wills;
The right from Mary ſo was ta'en,
Which drew them on to farther ills:
But mark the end of this miſdeed,
Mary was crowned, crowned, crowned,
And they to death decreed.

And being thus adjudg'd to die,
For theſe their parents haughty aims,
That thinking thus to mount on high,
Their children king and queen proclaims:
But in ſuch aims no bleſſings be,
When as ten thouſand, thouſand, thouſand,
Their ſhameful endings ſee.

Sweet princes they deſerv'd no blame,
That thus muſt die for father's cauſe,
And bearing of ſo great a name,
To contradict our Engliſh laws.

Let

Let all men then conclude in this,
That they are hapleſs, hapleſs, hapleſs,
Whoſe parents do amiſs.

Now who more great than they of late?
Now who more wretched than they are?
And who more lofty in eſtate,
Thus ſuddenly conſum'd with care?
Then princes all ſet down this reſt,
And ſay the golden, golden, golden
Mean is always beſt.

Prepar'd at laſt drew on the day,
Whereon the princes both muſt die;
Lord Guilford Dudley by the way,
His deareſt lady did eſpy,
Whilſt he unto the block did go,
She in her window weeping, weeping, weeping,
Did lament her woe.

Their eyes that look'd for love e'er-while,
Now blubber'd were with pearled tears,
And every glance and lover's ſmile
Were turn'd to dole and deadly fears:
Lord Guilford's life did bleeding lye,
Expecting angels, angels, angels
Silver wings to mount on high.

His deareſt lady long did look,
When ſhe unto the block ſhould go,
Where ſweetly praying on her book,
She made no ſign of outward woe;
But wiſh'd that ſhe had angels wings,
To ſee that golden, golden, golden
Sight of heavenly things.

And mounting on the ſcaffold then,
Where Guilford's lifeleſs body lay,
I come, quoth ſhe, thou flower of men,
For death ſhall not my ſoul diſmay:
The gates of heaven ſtand open wide,
To reſt for ever, ever, ever,
And thus thoſe princes dy'd.

Their parents likewiſe loſt their heads,
For climbing thus one ſtep too high:
Ambitious towers have ſlippery leads,
And fearful to a wiſe man's eye:
For one's amiſs great houſes fall;
Therefore take warning, warning, warning,
By this, you gallants all.

XII.

The princeſs Elizabeth: A ballad alluding to a ſtory recorded of her when ſhe was priſoner at Woodſtock, 1554.

Written by the late William Shenſtone, Eſq.

WILL you hear how once repining
Great Eliza captive lay?
Each ambitious thought reſigning,
Foe to riches, pomp and ſway?

While the nymphs and ſwains delighted
Tript around in all their pride;
Envying joys by others ſlighted,
Thus the royal maiden cry'd:

"Bred on plains, or born in vallies,
Who would bid thoſe ſcenes adieu?
Stranger to the arts of malice,
Who would ever courts purſue?

Malice never taught to treaſure,
Cenſure never taught to bear:
Love is all the ſhepherd's pleaſure;
Love is all the damſel's care.

How can they of humble ſtation
Vainly blame the pow'rs above?
Or accuſe the diſpenſation
Which allows them all to love?

Love like air is widely given;
Pow'r nor chance can theſe reſtrain;
Trueſt, nobleſt gifts of heaven!
Only pureſt on the plain!

Peers can no ſuch charms diſcover,
All in ſtars and garters dreſt,
As, on Sundays, does the lover
With his noſegay on his breaſt.

Pinks and roſes in profuſion,
Said to fade when Chloe's near;
Fops may uſe the ſame alluſion;
But the ſhepherd is ſincere.

Hark to yonder milk-maid ſinging
Chearly o'er the brimming pail;
Cowſlips all around her ſpringing,
Sweetly paint the golden vale.

Never yet did courtly maiden
Move ſo ſprightly, look ſo fair;
Never breaſt with jewels laden
Pour a ſong ſo void of care.

Would indulgent heav'n had granted
Me ſome rural damſel's part!
All the empire I had wanted
Then had been my ſhepherd's heart.

Then, with him, o'er hills and mountains,
Free from fetters, might I rove:
Fearleſs taſte the cryſtal fountains;
Peaceful ſleep beneath the grove.

Ruſtics had been more forgivir g;
Partial to my virgin bloom:
None had envy'd me when living;
None had triumph'd o'er my tomb."

XIII.

The lamentable complaint of queen Mary for the unkind departure of king Philip, in whoſe abſence ſhe fell ſick and died.

MARY doth complain,
Ladies be you moved
With my lamentations,
And my bitter moans:
Philip king of Spain,

Whom in heart I loved,
From his royal queen
Unkindly now is gone;
Upon my bed I lie,
Sick and like to die:
Help me ladies to lament,
For in heart I bear,
He loves a lady dear;
Better can his love content:
Oh, Philip! moſt unkind,
Bear not ſuch a mind,
To leave the daughter of a king:
Gentle prince of Spain,
Come, oh come again,
And ſweet content to thee I'll bring.

For thy royal ſake,
This my country's danger,
And my ſubjects woes,
I daily do procure:
My burning love to ſlake,
Noble princely ſtranger,
And the ſame to move,
Where it was ſettled ſure,
Divers in this land,
Againſt my foes did ſtand,
Pawning their lives therefore:
And for the ſame were ſlain,
Gentle king of Spain,
Streets ran down with purple gore.

Forty thouſand men,
All in armour then,
  This noble kingdom did provide:
To marry England's queen,
Before thou ſhould'ſt be ſeen,
  Or I be made thy gallant bride.

But now my great good-will,
  I ſee is not regarded,
And my favours kind,
  Are here forgotten quite:
My good is paid with ill,
  And with hatred rewarded,
I unhappy queen,
  Left here in woful plight,
On our Engliſh ſhore,
Never ſhall I more
  Thy comely perſonage behold;
For upon the throne,
Glorioufly he ſhone,
  In purple robes of gold.
Oh my heart is ſlain,
Sorrow, care and pain,
  Dwell within my ſobbing breaſt:
Death approacheth near me,
Becauſe thou wilt not cheer me,
  Thou gallant king of all the weſt.

Thoſe jewels and thoſe rings,
And that golden treaſure,
Firſt to win my love,
Thou broughteſt out of Spain;
Now unto me brings
No delight, no pleaſure,
But a ſorrowful tear,
Which ever will remain:
Thy picture when I ſee,
Much amazeth me,
Cauſeth tears a-main to flow,
The ſubſtance being gone,
Pleaſures I have none,
But lamenting ſighs of woe;
The chair of ſtate adorn'd,
Seems as if it mourn'd,
Binding up mine eyes with weeping,
And when that I am led
Unto my marriage-bed,
Sorrow keeps me ſtill from ſleeping.

Come you ladies kind,
Bring my gown of ſable,
For I now muſt mourn,
The abſence of my lord.
You ſee my love-ſick mind,
Is no longer able,
To endure the ſting
Of Cupid's pricking ſword:

My

My dying heart doth reſt,
In Philip's princely breaſt,
  My boſom keeps no heart at all:
But ever will abide,
In ſecret by his ſide,
  And follow him through bower and hall.
Though I live diſdained,
Yet my love unfeigned
  Shall remain both chaſte and pure,
And evermore ſhall prove
As conſtant as the dove,
  And thus ſhall Mary ſtill endure.

Ring out my dying knell,
  Ladies ſo renowned,
For your queen muſt die,
  And all her pomp forſake;
England now farewell,
  For the fates have frowned,
And now ready ſtand,
  My breathing life to take:
Conſume with ſpeed to air,
Fading ghoſt prepare
  With my milk-white wings to fly:
Where ſitting on the throne,
Let my love be ſhown,
  That for his ſake is forc'd to die.
Be for ever bleſſed,
Tho' I die diſtreſſed,

Gallant king of high renown.
The queen now broken-hearted,
From this world's departed,
In the heavens to wear a crown.

XIV.

The battle of Corichie on the Hill of Fair, fought Oct. 28, 1562.

This ballad, which is very ancient, has been but lately printed in Scotland. It is said to have been the production of one Forbes, a schoolmaster, at Mary Culter, upon Dieside.

MURN ye heighlands, and murn ye leighlands,
I trow ye hae meikle need;
For thi bonny burn o' Corichie,
His run this day wi' bleid.

Thi hopefu' laird o' Finliter,
Erle Huntly's gallant son,
For thi love hi bare our beauteous quine
His gar't fair Scotland mone.

Hi his braken his ward in Aberdene,
Throu dreid o' thi fauſe Murry;
And his gather't the gentle Gordone clan
An' his father auld Huntly.

Fain wid he tak our bonny guide quine,
An' beare hir awa' wi' him;
But Murry's ſlee wyles ſpoil't a' thi ſport,
An' reft him o' lyfe and lim.

Murry gar't rayſe thi tardy Merns men,
An Angis, an' mony ane mair;
Erle Morton, and the Byres lord Linſay;
An' campit at thi hill o' Fare.

Erle Huntlie came wi' Haddo Gordone,
An' countit ane thuſan men;
But Murry had abien twal hunder,
Wi' ſax ſcore horſemen and ten.

They ſoundit thi bougills an' the trumpits,
An' marchit on in brave array;
Till the ſpiers an' the axis forgatherit,
An' than did begin thi fray.

Thi Gordones ſae fercelie did fecht it,
Withouten terrer or dreid,
That mony o' Murry's men lay gaſpin,
An' dyit thi grund wi' theire bleid.

Then

Then fauſe Murry feingit to flee them,
An' they purſuit at his backe,
Whan' thi haf o' thi Gordones deſertit,
An' turnit wi' Murray in a crack.

Wi' hether i' thir bonnits they turnit,
The traiter Haddo o' their heid,
An' ſlaid theire brithers an' their fatheris,
An' ſpoilit an' left them for deid.

Than Murry cried to tak thi auld Gordone,
An' mony ane ran wi' ſpeid;
But Stuart o' Inchbraik had him ſtickit,
An' out guſhit thi fat lurdane's bleid.

Than they teuke his twa ſones quick an' hale,
An' bare them awa' to Aberdene;
But fair did our guide quine lament
Thi waefu' chance that they were tane.

Erle Murry loſt mony a gallant ſtout man;
Thi hopefu' laird o' Thornitune,
Pittera's ſons, an Egli's far fearit laird,
An' mair to mi unkend, fell doune.

Erle Huntly miſt ten ſcore o' his bra' men,
Sum o' heigh an' ſum o' leigh degree,
Skeenis youngeſt ſon, thi pryde o' a' the clan,
Was ther ſun' dead, he widna flee.

This

This bloody fecht wis fercely faucht
  Octobri's aught an' twinty day,
Cryſtis' fyfteen hundred thriſcore yeir
  An' twa will mark thi deidlie fray.

But now the day maiſt waefu' came,
  That day the quine did grite her fill,
For Huntly's gallant ſtalwart ſon,
  Wis heidit on thi heidin hill.

Fyve noble Gordones wi' him hangit were,
  Upon thi ſamen fatal playne;
Crule Murry gar't thi waefu' quine luke out,
  And ſee hir lover an' liges ſlayne.

I wis our quine had better frinds,
  I wis our countrie better peice;
I wis our lords wid na' diſcord,
  I wis our weirs at hame may ceiſe.

XV.

The moſt rare and excellent hiſtory of the dutcheſs of Suffolk's calamity,

WHEN God had taken for our ſin,
That prudent prince king Edward away,
Then bloody Bonner did begin
His raging malice to bewray:
All thoſe that did ~~God's word~~ profeſs,
He perſecuted more or leſs.

Thus ~~whilſt our~~ lord on us did lowre,
Many in priſon he did throw,
Tormenting them in Lollards tower,
Whereby they might the truth forego:
Then Cranmer, Ridley, and the reſt,
Were ~~burning~~ in the fire, that Chriſt profeſt.

Smithfield was then with faggots fill'd,
And many places more beſide,
At Coventry was Saunders kill'd,
At Worceſter eke good Hooper dy'd:
And to eſcape this bloody day,
Beyond ſea many fled away.

Amongſt

Amongſt the reſt that ſought relief,
And for their faith in danger ſtood,
Lady Elizabeth was chief,
King Henry's daughter, of royal blood,
Which in the Tower priſoner did lye,
Looking each day when ſhe ſhould die.

The dutcheſs of Suffolk ſeeing this,
Whoſe life likewiſe the tyrant ſought;
Who in the hopes of heavenly bliſs,
~~Within~~ God's word her comfort wrought:
For fear of death was ~~forc'd~~ to fly,
And leave her houſe moſt ſecretly.

Thus for the love of ~~God~~ alone,
Her land and goods ſhe left behind;
Seeking ſtill for that precious ſtone,
The word ~~and~~ truth ſo rare to find:
She with her nurſe, huſband and child,
In poor array their ſighs beguil'd.

Thus through London they paſſed along,
Each one did ~~take~~ a ſeveral ſtreet,
Thus all ~~along~~ eſcaping wrong
At Billingſgate they all did meet,
Like people poor in Graveſend barge,
They ſimply went with all their charge.

And all along from Gravesend town,
With journeys ~~short~~ on foot they went,
Unto the sea-coast came they down,
To pass the seas was their intent:
And God provided so that day,
That they took ship and sail'd away.

And with a prosperous gale of wind,
In Flanders they did arrive;
This was to them great ease of mind,
And from their heart much woe did drive:
And so with thanks to God on high,
They took their way to Germany.

Thus as they travell'd ~~still~~ disguis'd,
Upon the highway suddenly,
By cruel thieves they were surpriz'd,
Assailing their small company:
And all their treasure and their store,
They took away, and beat them sore.

The nurse, in midst of ~~all~~ their flight,
Laid down their child upon the ground,
She ran away out of their sight,
And never after that was found:
Then did the dutchess make great moan,
With her good husband all alone.

The

The thieves had there their horſes kill'd,
And all their money quite had took,
The pretty baby almoſt ſpoil'd,
Was by their nurſe alſo forſook.
And they far from their friends did ſtand,
And ſuccourleſs in a ſtrange land.

The ſky likewiſe began to ſcowl,
It hail'd and rain'd in piteous ſort,
The way was long and wondrous foul,
This I may now full well report,
Their grief and ſorrow was not ſmall,
When this unhappy chance did fall.

Sometimes the dutcheſs bore the child,
As wet as ever ſhe could be,
And when the lady kind and mild
Was weary, then the child bore he;
And thus they one another eas'd,
And with their fortunes ſeem'd well pleas'd.

And after many a weary ſtep,
All wet-ſhod both in dirt and mire;
After much grief, their hearts yet leap;
For labour doth ſome reſt require:
A town before them they did ſee,
But lodged there they could not be.

From

From houſe to houſe then they did go,
Seeking that night where they might lie;
But want of money was their woe,
And ſtill their babe with cold doth cry,
With cap and knee they court'ſy make,
But none of them would pity take.

Lo, here a princeſs of great blood,
Doth pray a peaſant for relief,
With tears bedewed as ſhe ſtood,
Yet few or none regard her grief.
Her ſpeech they could not underſtand,
But ſome gave money in her hand.

When all in vain her ſpeeches ſpent,
And that they could no houſe-room get,
Into a church-porch then they went,
To ſtand out of the rain and wet:
Then ſaid the dutcheſs to her dear,
O that we had ſome fire here.

Then did her huſband ſo provide,
That fire and coals they got with ſpeed:
She ſat down by the fire-ſide,
To dreſs her daughter that had need:
And whilſt ſhe dreſs'd it in her lap,
Her huſband made the infant pap.

Anon

Anon the ſexton thither came,
Finding them there by the fire:
The drunken knave, all void of ſhame,
To drive them out was his deſire;
And ſpurned out the noble dame,
Her huſband's wrath he did inflame.

And all in fury as he ſtood,
He wrung the church keys out of his hand,
And ſtruck him ſo that all the blood
His head run down as he did ſtand,
Wherefore the ſexton preſently
For aid and help aloud did cry.

Then came the officers in haſte,
And took the dutcheſs and her child,
And with her huſband thus they paſt,
Like lambs beſet with tygers wild,
And to the governor were brought,
Who underſtood them not in ought.

Then maſter Bertue brave and bold,
In Latin made a gallant ſpeech,
Which all their miſeries did unfold,
And their high favour did beſeech;
With that a doctor ſitting by,
Did know the dutcheſs preſently.

And thereupon ariſing ſtrait
With words abaſhed at this ſight,
Upon them all that then did wait,
He thus broke forth in words aright:
Behold within your ſight (quoth he)
A princeſs of moſt high degree.

With that the governor and all the reſt,
Were much amaz'd the ſame to hear,
Who wecomed this new-come gueſt,
With reverence great, and princely cheer:
And afterwards convey'd they were,
Unto their friend prince Caſſimere.

A ſon ſhe had in Germany,
Peregrine Bertue call'd by name,
Sirnam'd the good lord Willoughby,
Of courage great and worthy fame;
Her daughter young that with her went,
Was afterwards counteſs of Kent.

For when queen Mary was deceas'd,
The dutcheſs home return'd again,
Who was of ſorrow quite releas'd,
By queen Elizabeth's happy reign:
Whoſe goodly life and piety,
We may praiſe continually.

XVI.

A joyful ſong of the deſerved praiſes of good queen Elizabeth, how princely ſhe behaved herſelf at Tilbury camp in Eſſex, in 1588, when the Spaniards threatened the invaſion of this kingdom.

I Sing a noble princeſs,
England's late commanding miſtreſs,
King Henry's daughter fair Elizabeth:
She was ſuch a maiden queen,
As the like ne'er was ſeen,
Of any womankind upon the earth.

Her name in golden numbers,
May written be with wonders,
That liv'd belov'd four and forty years:
And had the gifts of nature all
That to a princeſs might befall,
As by her noble virtues well appears.

With majeſty admir'd,
Her ſubjects ſhe requir'd,
That love for love might equally be ſhown;
Preferring more a publick peace,
Than any private man's increaſe,
That quietly we ſtill may keep our own.

When embaſſies did come,
From any prince in Chriſtendom,
Her entertainment was ſo princely ſweet:
She likewiſe knew what did belong,
To every language, ſpeech and tongue,
Where grace and virtue did together meet.

No princeſs more could meaſure,
Her well beſeeming pleaſure,
In open court among her ladies fair:
For muſick, and for portly gate,
The world afforded not her mate:
So excellent her carriage was and rare.

Kingly ſtates oppreſſed,
And ſuch as were diſtreſſed,
With means and money daily ſhe reliev'd.
As law of nations did her bind,
To ſtrangers ſhe was ever kind;
And ſuch as with calamities were griev'd.

And when into this kingdom,
Bloody wars did threatning come,
Her highneſs would be ready with good will,
As it in eighty-eight was ſeen:
When as this thrice renowned queen,
Gave noble courage to her ſoldiers ſtill.

This more than worthy woman,
Like to a noble Amazon,
In ſilver-plated armour bravely went
Unto her camp at Tilbury,
With many knights of chivalry,
Courageouſly her army to content.

But being there arrived,
With noble heart ſhe ſtrived,
To give them all what they deſir'd to have:
A lovely grace of countenance,
Smiling with perſeverance,
To whom ſo ſweet a countenance ſhe gave.

Upon the drum-head ſitting,
As it was well befitting,
For ſuch a royal princeſs thus to ſpeak:
A ſoldier I will live and die,
Fear ſhall never make me fly,
Nor any danger leave to undertake.

With that amidſt the battel
The muſketteers did rattle
A peal of powder flaming all in fire;
The cannons they did loudly play,
To pleaſe her majeſty that day,
Which ſhe in heart did lovingly deſire.

Her highneſs thus delighted,
She royally requited
The noble captains and the ſoldiers all;
For golden angels flew amain,
Round about the warlike train,
Each one rewarded was both great and ſmall.

With that in noble manner,
To England's fame and honour,
The thund'ring ſhot began to play again;
And for this royal princeſs ſake,
Rattling made the ground to ſhake,
In ſpite of all their enemies of Spain.

The more to be commended,
She graciouſly befriended
Full many a worthy gentleman that day,
By knighting them in noble ſort,
As it had been in England's court,
Such gallant graces had ſhe every way.

So

So freely, kind and loving,
She was by her approving,
To rich and poor that came unto her grace;
Not any one but found her ſtill
A friend to good, a foe to ill,
And every virtue ſweetly would embrace.

But now in heaven's high palace,
She lives in joy and ſolace,
Committing all her charge unto the king;
Of whoſe admired majeſty,
Ruling us ſo quietly,
Rejoicingly we ſubjects all do ſing.

XVII.

The life and death of the famous Thomas Stukely, an Engliſh gallant, in the time of queen Elizabeth, who ended his life in a battle of three kings of Barbary.

IN the weſt of England,
Born there was I underſtand,
A famous gallant was he in his days,
By birth a worthy clothier's ſon,
Deeds of wonders hath he done,
To purchaſe him a long and laſting praiſe.

If I would tell his ſtory,
Pride was all his glory,
And luſty Stukely he was call'd in court,
He ſerv'd a biſhop in the weſt,
And did accompany the beſt,
Maintaining of himſelf in gallant ſort.

Being thus eſteemed,
And every where well deemed,
He gain'd the favour of a London dame,
Daughter to an alderman,
Curtis ſhe was called then,
To whom a ſuitor gallantly he came.

When ſhe his perſon ſpyed,
He could not be denyed,
So brave a gentleman he was to ſee;
She was quickly made his wife,
In weal or woe to lead her life,
Her father willing, thereto did agree.

Thus in ſtate and pleaſure,
Full many days they meaſure,
'Till cruel death with his regardleſs ſpight,
Bore old Curtis to the grave,
A thing that Stukely wiſh'd to have,
That he might revel all in gold ſo bright.

He was no ſooner tombed,
But Stukely he preſumed,
To ſpend a hundred pounds a day in waſte.
The greateſt gallants in the land
Had Stukely's purſe at their command,
Thus merrily the time away he paſs'd.

Taverns and ordinaries,
Were his chiefeſt braveries,
Golden angels there flew up and down;
Riots were his beſt delight,
With ſtately feaſting day and night,
In court and city thus he won renown.

Thus waſting lands and living,
By this lawleſs giving,
At length he ſold the pavements of the yard,
Which cover'd were with blocks of tin,
Old Curtis left the ſame to him,
Which he conſumed lately as you have heard.

Whereat his wife ſore grieved,
Deſiring to be relieved,
Make much of me, dear huſband, ſhe did ſay,
I'll make much more of thee (ſaid he)
Than any one ſhall verily,
I'll ſell thy cloaths, and ſo I'll go my way.

Cruelly this hard-hearted,
Away from her he parted,
And travell'd into Italy with ſpeed;
There he flouriſh'd many a day,
In his ſilks and rich array,
And did the pleaſures of a lady feed.

It was the lady's pleaſure
To give him goods and treaſure,
For to maintain him in great pomp and fame;
At laſt came news aſſuredly
Of a battle fought in Barbary
And he would valiantly go ſee the ſame.

Many a noble gallant,
Sold both land and talent
To follow Stukely in his famous fight.
Whereas three kings in perſon would
Advent'rouſly with courage bold,
Within this battle ſhew themſelves in fight.

Stukely and his followers all
Of the king of Portugal,
Had entertainment like to gentlemen.
The king affected Stukely ſo,
That he his ſecrets all did know,
And bore his royal ſtandard now and then.

Upon

Upon this day of honour,
Each man did ſhew his bammer,
Morocco, and the king of Barbary,
Portugal, and all his train,
Bravely glittering on the plain,
And gave the onſet there moſt valiantly.

The cannons they rebounded,
Thund'ring guns redounded,
Kill, kill, was all the ſoldiers cry;
Mangled men lay on the ground,
And with blood the earth was drown'd,
The ſun likewiſe was darken'd in the ſky.

Heaven was ſo diſpleaſed,
And would not be appeaſed,
But tokens of God's wrath did ſhow,
That he was angry at this war,
He ſent a fearful blazing ſtar,
Whereby the kings might their misfortunes know.

Bloody was the ſlaughter,
Or rather wilful murder,
Where ſixſcore thouſand fighting men were ſlain.
Three kings within this battle dy'd,
With forty dukes and earls beſide,
The like will never more be fought again.

With woeful arms infolding,
Stukely ſtood beholding
The bloody ſacrifice of ſouls that day:
He ſighing ſaid, I woeful wight,
Againſt my conſcience here do fight,
And brought my followers all unto decay.

Being thus moleſted,
And with grief oppreſſed,
Thoſe brave Italians that did ſell their lands,
With Stukely for to travel forth,
And venture life for little worth,
Upon him all did lay their murd'ring hands.

Unto death thus wounded
His heart with ſorrow ſwooned,
And to them thus he made his heavy moan,
Thus have I left my country dear,
To be thus vilely murder'd here,
E'en in this place, whereas I am not known.

My wife I have much wronged,
Of what to her belonged,
I vainly ſpent in idle courſe of life;
What I have had is paſt I ſee,
And bringeth nought but grief to me,
Therefore grant me pardon, gentle wife.

Life I ſee conſumeth,
And death I ſee preſumeth,
To change this life of mine into a new:
Yet this my greateſt comfort brings,
I liv'd and dy'd in love of kings,
And ſo brave Stukely bid the world adieu.

Stukely's life thus ended,
Was after death befriended,
And like a ſoldier bury'd gallantly,
Where now there ſtands upon the grave,
A ſtately temple builded brave,
With golden turrets piercing to the ſky.

XVIII.

Queen Elizabeth's champion: or, a victory obtain'd by the young earl of Eſſex, over the old emperor of Germany, by ſea; in which he took the emperor's ſon, and brought him priſoner to queen Elizabeth.

COME ſound up your trumpets and beat up your drums,
And let's go to ſea with a valiant good cheer,
In ſearch of a mighty vaſt navy of ſhips,
The like has not been for this fifty long years,
Raderer two, tandaro te
Raderer, tadorer, tan do re.

The queen ſhe provided a navy of ſhips,
With ſweet flying ſtreamers ſo glorious to ſee,
Rich top and top-gallants, captains and lieutenants
Some forty, ſome fifty braſs pieces and three.
Raderer two, &c.

They had not ſail'd paſt a week on the ſeas,
Not paſſing a week and days two or three,
But they were aware of the proud emperor,
Both him and all his proud company,
Raderer two, &c.

When

When he beheld our powerful fleet,
Sailing along in their glory and pride,
He was amaz'd at their valour and fame,
Then to his warlike commanders he cry'd,
Raderer two, &c.

Theſe were the words of the old emperor,
Saying, Who's this that is ſailing to me,
If he be a king that weareth a crown,
Yet am I a better man than he,
Raderer two, &c.

It is not a king nor lord of a crown,
Which now to the ſeas with his navy his come,
But the young earl of Eſſex, the queen's lieutenant,
Who fears no foe in Chriſtendom,
Raderer two, &c.

Oh! Is that young lord then come to the ſeas,
Then let's tack about, and be ſteering away,
I have heard ſo much of his father before,
That I will not fight with young Eſſex to-day,
Raderer two, &c.

Oh! then beſpoke the emperor's ſon,
As they were tacking and ſteering away,
Give me, royal father, this navy of ſhips,
And I will go fight with young Eſſex to-day,
Raderer two, &c.

Take

Take them with all my heart, loving ſon,
Moſt of them are of a capital ſize,
But ſhould he do as his father has done,
Farewel thine honour and mine likewiſe.
Raderer two, &c.

With cannons hot, and thund'ring ſhot,
Theſe two gallants fought on the main,
And as it was young Eſſex's lot,
The emperor's ſon by him was ta'en.
Raderer two, &c.

Give me my ſon, the emperor cry'd,
Which thou this day has taken from me,
And I'll give thee three keys of gold,
The one ſhall be of High Germany.
Raderer two, &c.

I care not for thy three keys of gold,
Which thou haſt proffer'd to ſet him free,
But thy ſon he ſhall to England ſail,
And go before the queen with me,
Raderer two, &c.

Then have I fifty good ſhips of the beſt,
As good as ever was ſent to the ſea,
And ere my ſon into England ſhall ſail,
They ſhall go all for good company.
Raderer two, &c.

They had not fought this famous battle,
They had not fought it hours were three,
Ere ſome loſt legs, and ſome loſt arms,
And ſome lay tumbling in the ſea.
Raderer two, &c.

Eſſex he got his battle likewiſe,
Tho' 'twas the ſharpeſt that ever was ſeen,
Home return'd with a wonderful prize,
And brought the emperor's ſon to the queen,
Raderer two, &c.

Oh! then beſpoke the 'prentices all,
Living in London, both proper and tall,
In a kind letter ſent ſtrait to the queen,
For Eſſex's ſake they would fight all.
Raderer two; tandaro te;
Raderer, tandorer, tan do re.

XIX.

A lamentable ditty on the death of Robert Devereux, earl of Eſſex, who was beheaded in the Tower of London, on Aſh-Wedneſday, 1600-1.

SWEET England's prize is gone,
Welladay, Welladay,
Which makes her ſigh and groan
Evermore ſtill:
He did her fame advance,
In Ireland, Spain, and France,
And by a ſad miſchance
Is from us ta'en.

He was a virtuous peer,
Welladay, &c.
And was eſteemed dear,
Evermore ſtill.
He always lov'd the poor,
Which makes 'em ſigh full ſore,
His death they did deplore
In every place.

Brave

Brave honour grac'd him ſtill,
Gallantly, gallantly,
He ne'er did deed of ill,
Well it is known:
But envy that foul fiend,
Whoſe malice ne'er doth end,
Hath thus brought virtue's friend
Unto this thrall.

At tilt he did ſurpaſs,
Gallantly, &c.
All men that is and was,
Evermore ſtill.
One day as it was ſeen,
In honour of the queen,
Such deeds have ſeldom been,
As he did do.

Abroad and eke at home,
Gallantly, &c.
For valour there was none,
Like him before:
For Ireland, France and Spain,
Still fear'd great Eſſex's name,
But England lov'd the ſame,
In every place.

But all would not avail,
Welladay, welladay,
His deeds did not prevail,
More was the pity:
He was condemn'd to die,
For treaſon certainly,
But God that ſits on high,
Knoweth all things.

That Sunday in the morn,
Welladay, &c.
That he to the city came,
With all his troops;
Did firſt begin the ſtrife,
And caus'd his loſs of life,
And others did the like,
As well as he.

Yet her princely majeſty,
Graciouſly, graciouſly,
Hath pardon given free
To many of them;
She hath releas'd them quite,
And given them their right:
They did pray day and night
God to defend her.

Shrove-tueſday in the night,
Welladay, &c.
With a heavy-hearted ſpight,
As it is ſaid;
The lieutenant of the Tower,
Who kept him in his power,
At ten a-clock that hour,
To him did come.

And ſaid unto him there,
Mournfully, &c.
My lord you muſt prepare,
To die to-morrow.
God's will be done, quoth he,
Yet ſhall you ſtrangely ſee,
God ſtrong in me to be,
Tho' I am weak.

I pray you pray for me,
Welladay, &c.
That God may ſtrengthen me
Againſt that hour.
Then ſtraightway he did call
To the guard under the wall,
And did intreat them all,
For him to pray;

For to-morrow is the day,
Welladay, &c.
That I a debt muſt pay,
Which I do owe;
It is my life I mean,
Which I muſt pay the queen,
Even ſo hath juſtice given,
That I muſt die.

In the morning was he brought,
Welladay, &c.
Where the ſcaffold was ſet up,
Within the Tower,
Many lords were preſent then,
With other gentlemen,
Which were appointed then,
To ſee him die.

You noble lords, quoth he,
Welladay, &c.
That muſt the witneſs be,
Of this my dream:
Know I ne'er lov'd papiſtry
But ſtill did it defy,
And thus doth Eſſex die,
Here in this place.

I have

I have a ſinner been,
Welladay, &c.
Yet never wrong'd my queen,
In all my life:
My God I did offend,
Which grieves me at my end:
May all the reſt amend,
I them forgive.

To the ſtate I ne'er meant ill,
Welladay, &c.
Neither wiſh'd the commons ill
In all my life:
But lov'd with all my heart,
And always took their part,
Whene'er they were deſert,
In any place.

Then mildly did he crave,
Mournfully, &c.
He might the favour have,
Private to pray.
He then pray'd heartily,
And with great fervency,
To God that ſits on high,
For to receive him.

And then he pray'd again,
Mournfully, &c.
God to preſerve his queen
From all her foes,
And ſend her long to reign,
True juſtice to maintain,
And not to let proud Spain
Once to offend her.

His gown he ſtript off then,
Welladay, &c.
And put off his hat and band,
And hung them by,
Praying ſtill continually,
To God that ſits on high,
That he might patiently
There ſuffer death.

My headſman that muſt be,
Then ſaid he chearfully,
Let him come here to me,
That I may ſee him.
Who kneeled to him then;
Art thou, quoth he, the man
Who art appointed now,
My life to free?

Yes,

Yes, my lord, he did ſay,
Welladay, &c.
Forgive me, I you pray,
For this your death:
I here do thee forgive,
And may true juſtice live,
No foul crimes to forgive,
Within this place:

Then he kneel'd down again,
Welladay, &c.
And was requir'd by ſome,
There ſtanding by,
To forgive his enemies,
Before death clos'd his eyes,
Which he did in hearty-wiſe,
Thanking them for't.

That they would remember him,
Welladay, &c.
That he would forgive all them
That had him wrong'd:
Now I take my leave,
Sweet Chriſt my ſoul receive,
Now when you will prepare,
I am ready.

He laid his head on the block,
  Welladay, &c.
But his doublet lett the ſtroke,
  Some there did ſay:
What muſt be done, quoth he,
Shall be done preſently;
Then his doublet off put he,
  And laid down again:

The headſman did his part,
  Cruelly, cruelly,
He was not ſeen to ſtart,
  For all the blows:
His ſoul is now at reſt,
In heaven among the bleſs'd,
Where God ſend us to reſt,
  When it ſhall pleaſe him.

XX.

A lamentable ballad on the earl of Eſſex's death.

ALL you that cry O hone, O hone,
Come now and ſing O hone with me,
For why our jewel is from us gone,
The valiant knight of chivalry:
Of rich and poor belov'd was he,
In time an honourable knight,
When by our laws condemn'd to die,
He lately took his laſt good-night.

Count him not like to Champion,
Thoſe traiterous men of Babington,
Nor like the earl of Weſtmoreland,
By whom a number were undone:
He never yet hurt mother's ſon,
His quarrel ſtill maintains the right,
With the tears my face run down,
When I think on his laſt good night.

The

The Portugals can witneſs be,
His dagger at Liſbon gate he flung,
And like a knight of chivalry,
His chain upon the gates he hung:
I would to God that he would come,
To fetch them back in order right,
Which thing was by his honour done,
Yet lately took his laſt good-night.

The Frenchmen they can teſtify,
The town of Gourney he took in,
And march'd to Rome immediately,
Not caring for his foes a pin:
With bullets then he pierc'd his ſkin,
And made them fly from his ſight:
He there that time did credit win,
And now hath ta'en his laſt good-night.

And ſtately Cales can witneſs be,
E'en by his proclamation right,
And did command them all ſtraitly,
To have a care of infants lives,
And that none ſhould hurt man or wife,
Which was againſt their right:
Therefore they pray'd for his long life,
Which lately took his laſt good-night.

Wou'd God he ne'er had Ireland known,
Nor ſet one foot on Flanders ground,
Then might we well enjoy'd our own,
Where now our jewel will not be found,
Which makes our eyes ſtill abound;
Trickling with ſalt tears in our ſight,
To hear his name in our ears to ſound,
Lord Devereux took his laſt good-night.

Aſh-Wedneſday, that diſmal day,
When he came forth his chamber-door;
Upon a ſcaffold there he ſaw
His headſman ſtanding him before:
The nobles all they did deplore,
Shedding ſalt tears in his ſight,
He ſaid farewel to rich and poor,
At his good-morrow and good-night.

My lords, ſaid he, you ſtand but by,
To ſee performance of the law;
'Tis I that have deſerv'd to die,
And yield myſelf unto the blow;
I have deſerv'd to die I know,
But ne'er againſt my country's right,
Nor to my queen was ever foe,
Upon my death at my good-night.

Farewel

Farewel Elizabeth, my gracious queen,
God bleſs thee, with thy council all;
Farewel my knights of chivalry,
Farewel my ſoldiers ſtout and tall:
Farewel the commons great and ſmall,
Into the hands of men I light,
My life ſhall make amends for all,
For Eſſex bids the world good-night.

Farewel dear wife and children three,
Farewel my kind and tender ſon:
Comfort your ſelves, mourn not for me,
Altho' your fall be now begun:
My time is come, my glaſs is run,
Comfort your ſelf in former light,
Seeing by my fall you are undone,
Your father bids the world good-night.

Derick, thou know'ſt at Cales I ſav'd
Thy life, loſt for a rape there done,
As thou thyſelf canſt teſtify,
Thine own hand three-and-twenty hung;
But now thou ſee'ſt my ſelf is come,
By chance into thy hands I light,
Strike out thy blow, that I may know,
Thou Eſſex lov'd at his good-night.

When

When England counted me a Papiſt,
The works of Papiſts I defy,
I ne'er worſhipp'd ſaint nor angel in heav'n,
Nor the virgin Mary I;
But to Chriſt, which for my ſins did die,
Trickling with ſalt tears in his ſight,
Spreading my arms to God on high,
Lord Jeſus receive my ſoul this night.

XXI.

The life and death of queen Elizabeth.

IN England reigned once a king,
Eighth Henry call'd by name,
Which made fair Anne of Bullen queen
Of England in great fame:
Who brought into this country joy,
And to her king delight;
A daughter that in England made
God's goſpel ſhine moſt bright.

At Greenwich was the princeſs born,
That gallant place in Kent,
A houſe belov'd of kings and queens,
A houſe of ſweet content,
E'en in her childhood ſhe began,
So ſtor'd with heav'nly grace,
That all eſtates both high and low,
Her virtues did embrace.

None like Elizabeth was found,
In learning ſo divine,
She had the perfect ſkilful art,
Of all the muſes nine:
In Latin, Greek, and Hebrew ſhe
Moſt excellent was known,
To foreign kings ambaſſadors
The fame was daily ſhown.

Th' Italian, French, and Spaniſh tongue,
She well could ſpeak or read,
The Turkiſh and Arabian ſpeech
Grew perfect at her need.
The muſick made her wonderful,
So cunning therein found,
The fame whereof about the world,
In princes ears did ſound;

Yet when her royal parents lives
By death were ta'en away,
And her dear brother Edward turn'd
To clods of earth and clay;
Her cruel ſiſter Mary ſought
Her laſting grief and woe,
Regarding not the gifts which God
Upon her did beſtow.

A bloody reign queen Mary liv'd,
A papiſt in belief,
Which was unto Elizabeth
A great heart-breaking grief.
A faithful proteſtant ſhe was,
At which queen Mary ſpighted,
And in Elizabeth's miſhaps
She daily much delighted.

Poor maiden, by the biſhops wills
In priſon ſhe was put,
And from her friends and comforters
In cruel manner ſhut.
Much hoping ſhe would turn in time,
And her true faith forſake;
But firm ſhe was, and patiently
Did all theſe troubles take.

Her ſiſter forthwith did command
  Her diet to be ſmall,
Her ſervants likewiſe very few,
  Yea, almoſt none at all:
And alſo would have ta'en her life,
  But that king Philip ſaid,
O queen, thy country will report,
  Thou haſt the tyger play'd.

The Lord thus put the king in mind
  His choſen ſaint to ſave,
And alſo to queen Mary's life
  A ſudden ending gave:
And ſo Elizabeth was fetch'd
  From priſon to a crown,
Which ſhe full four-and-forty years
  Poſſeſs'd with great renown.

She popery firſt of all ſuppreſs'd,
  And in our Engliſh tongue,
Did cauſe God's Bible to be read;
  Which Heaven continue long!
Pure preaching likewiſe ſhe ordain'd,
  With plenty in this land,
And ſtill againſt the foes thereof
  Moſt zealouſly did ſtand.

The pride of Rome this queen abates,
And ſpightful Spain keeps under,
And ſuccour'd much Low Country ſtates,
Whereat the world did wonder,
That ſuch a worthy queen as ſhe,
Should work ſuch worthy things,
And bring more honour to this land,
Than all our former kings.

The gold ſtill brought from Spaniſh mines,
In ſpight of all her foes,
Throughout all parts of Chriſtendom,
Her brave adventure ſhows:
Her battels fought upon the ſeas,
Reſounded up to heaven,
Which to advance her fame and praiſe,
Had victory ſtill given.

The Spaniſh power in eighty-eight,
Which thirſted for her blood,
Moſt nobly, like an Amazon,
Their purpoſes withſtood;
And boldly in her royal camp,
In perſon ſhe was ſeen:
The like was never done, I think,
By any Engliſh queen.

Full many a traytor ſince that time,
She hath confounded quite,
And not the bloodieſt mind of all
Her courage could affright:
For mercy join'd with majeſty
Still made her foes her friends,
By pardoning many which deſerv'd
To have untimely ends.

Tyrone with all his Iriſh rout
Of rebels in that land,
Though ne'er ſo deſperate, bold and ſtout,
Yet fear'd her great command.
She made them quake and tremble ſore
But for to hear her name:
She planted peace in that fair land,
And did their wildneſs tame.

Tho' wars ſhe kept with dangers great,
In Ireland, France, and Spain;
Yet her true ſubjects ſtill at home
In ſafety did remain:
They joy'd to ſee her princely face,
And would in numbers run,
To meet her royal majeſty,
More thick than moats in ſun.

But time that brings all things to end,
A ſwift foot-courſe did run:
And of this royal maiden queen,
A woful conqueſt won.
Her death brought fear upon the land,
No words but tales of woe
In ſubjects ears reſounded then,
Where-ever men did go.

But fear exchang'd to preſent joys,
Sweet comforts loud did ring,
Inſtead of queen, the people cry'd,
Long live our royal king:
Which name of king did ſeem moſt ſtrange,
And made us for to muſe;
Becauſe full many a year the name
Of king we did not uſe.

Yet ſuch a noble king is he,
And ſo maintains our peace,
That we in that may daily wiſh
His life may never ceaſe.
Our hopeful and moſt royal prince,
Good angels ſtill defend,
This is my muſe's chief deſire,
Her melody to end.

XXII.

The honour of a London 'prentice. Being an account of his matchleſs manhood and brave adventures done in Turkey, and by what means he married the king's daughter, &c.

The following ſong relates to a noble piece of chivalry performed in queen Elizabeth's days, and therefore claims a place here; though it muſt be acknowledged we have not been able to diſcover who the hero was, nor any account of the facts on which the ballad is founded.

OF a worthy London 'prentice,
My purpoſe is to ſpeak,
And tell his brave adventures
Done for his country's ſake:
Seek all the world about,
And you ſhall hardly find,
A man in valour to exceed
A 'prentice gallant mind.

He

He was born in Cheſhire,
The chief of men was he,
From thence brought up to London,
A 'prentice for to be.
A merchant on the bridge,
Did like his ſervice ſo,
That for three years his factor,
To Turkey he ſhould go,

And in that famous country
One year he had not been,
Ere he by tilt maintained
The honour of his queen,
Elizabeth his princeſs,
He nobly did make known,
To be the phœnix of the world,
And none but ſhe alone.

In armour richly gilded,
Well mounted on a ſteed,
One ſcore of knights moſt hardy
One day he made to bleed;
And brought them all unto the ground,
Who proudly did deny,
Elizabeth to be the pearl
Of princely majeſty.

The king of that ſame country
Thereat began to frown,
And will'd his ſon, there preſent,
To pull this youngſter down;
Who at his father's words
Theſe boaſting ſpeeches ſaid,
Thou art a traytor, Engliſh boy,
And haſt the traytor play'd.

I am no boy, nor traytor,
Thy ſpeeches I defy,
For which I'll be revenged
Upon thee by and by,
A London 'prentice ſtill
Shall prove as good a man,
As any of your Turkiſh knights,
Do all the beſt you can.

And therewithal he gave him
A box upon the ear,
Which broke his neck aſunder,
As plainly doth appear.
Now know proud Turk, quoth he,
I am no Engliſh boy,
That can with one ſmall box o'th' ear
The prince of Turks deſtroy.

When

When as the king perceived
His ſon ſo ſtrangely ſlain,
His ſoul was ſore afflicted
With more than mortal pain:
And in revenge thereof,
He ſwore that he ſhould dye
The cruell'ſt death that ever man
Beheld with mortal eye.

Two lyons were prepar'd
This 'prentice to devour,
Near famiſh'd up with hunger,
Ten days within the tower,
To make them far more fierce,
And eager of their prey,
To glut themſelves with human gore,
Upon this dreadful day.

The appointed time of torment,
At length grew nigh at hand,
When all the noble ladies
And barons of the land,
Attended on the king,
To ſee this 'prentice ſlain,
And bury'd in the hungry maws
Of thoſe fierce lyons twain.

Then in his ſhirt of cambrick,
With ſilks moſt richly wrought,
This worthy London 'prentice
Was from the priſon brought,
And to the lyons given
To ſtanch their hunger great,
Which had not eat in ten days ſpace
Not one ſmall bit of meat.

But God that knows all ſecrets,
The matter ſo contriv'd,
That by this young man's valour
They were of life depriv'd;
For being faint for food,
They ſcarcely could withſtand
The noble force and fortitude,
And courage of his hand:

For when the hungry lyons,
Had caſt on him their eyes,
The elements did thunder
With the echo of their cryes:
And running all amain
His body to devour,
Into their throats he thruſt his arms,
With all his might and power:

From thence by manly valour,
  Their hearts he tore in ſunder,
And at the king he threw them,
  To all the peoples wonder.
This I have done, quoth he,
  For lovely England's ſake,
And for my country's maiden queen,
  Much more will undertake.

But when the king perceived
  His wrathful lyons hearts,
Afflicted with great terror,
  His rigour ſoon reverts,
And turned all his hate,
  Into remorſe and love,
And ſaid it is ſome angel
  Sent down from heav'n above.

No, no, I am no angel,
  The courteous young man ſaid,
But born in famous England,
  Where God's word is obey'd;
Aſſiſted by the heavens,
  Who did me thus befriend,
Or elſe they had moſt cruelly
  Brought here my life to end.

The king, in heart amazed,
Lift up his eyes to heaven
And for his foul offences
Did crave to be forgiven;
Believing that no land
Like England may be ſeen,
No people better govern'd
By virtue of a queen.

So taking up this young man,
He pardon'd him his life,
And gave his daughter to him,
To be his wedded wife:
Where then they did remain,
And live in quiet peace,
In ſpending of their happy days
In joy and love's increaſe.

XXIII.

The true lovers knot unty'd: being the right path whereby to adviſe princely virgins how to behave themſelves, by the example of the renowned princeſs the lady Arabella, and the ſecond ſon of the lord Seymour, late earl of Hertford.

AS I to Ireland did paſs,
I ſaw a ſhip at anchor lay,
Another ſhip likewiſe there was,
Which from fair England took her way.

This ſhip that ſail'd from fair England,
Unknown unto our gracious king,
The lord chief juſtice did command,
That they to London ſhould her bring.

I then drew near, and ſaw more plain,
Lady Arabella in diſtreſs,
She wrung her hands, and wept amain,
Bewailing of her heavineſs.

When

When near fair London tower ſhe came,
Whereas her landing place ſhould be,
The king and queen with all their train,
Did meet this lady gallantly.

How now, Arabella, ſaid our good king,
Unto this lady ſtrait did ſay,
Who hath firſt try'd thee to this thing,
That you from England took your way?

None but my ſelf, my gracious liege,
Theſe ten long years I've been in love,
With the lord Seymour's ſecond ſon,
The earl of Hertford ſo we prove:

Full many a hundred pound I had
In goods and livings in the land,
Yet I have lands us to maintain,
So much your grace doth underſtand.

My lands and livings ſo well known
Unto your books of majeſty,
Amount to twelveſcore pounds a week,
Beſides what I do give, quoth ſhe.

In gallant Derbyſhire likewiſe,
I nineſcore beadſmen maintain there,
With hats and gowns and houſe rent free,
And every man five marks a year.

I never

I never raiſed rent, ſaid ſhe,
Nor yet oppreſs'd the tenant poor,
I never did take bribes for fines,
For why, I had enough before.

Whom of your nobles will do ſo,
For to maintain the commonality?
Such multitudes would never grow,
Nor be ſuch ſtore of poverty.

I would I had a milk-maid been,
Or born of ſome more low degree,
Then I might have lov'd where I lik'd,
And no man could have hinder'd me.

Or would I were ſome yeoman's child,
For to receive my portion now,
According unto my degree,
As other virgins whom I know.

The higheſt branch that ſoars aloft,
Needs muſt beſhade the myrtle-tree,
Needs muſt the ſhadow of them both,
Shadow the third in his degree.

But when the tree is cut and gone,
And from the ground is bore away,
The loweſt tree that there doth ſtand,
In time may grow as high as they.

Once too I might have been a queen,
  But that I ever did deny,
I knew your grace had right to th' crown,
  Before Elizabeth did dye.

You of the eldeſt ſiſter came,
  I of the ſecond in degree,
The earl of Hertford of the third,
  A man of royal blood was he.

And ſo good night, my ſovereign liege,
  Since in the tower I muſt lye,
I hope your grace will condeſcend,
  That I may have my liberty.

Lady Arabella, ſaid the king,
  I to your freedom would conſent,
If you would turn and go to church,
  There to receive the ſacrament.

And ſo good night, Arabella fair,
  Our king replyed to her again,
I will take councel of my nobility,
  That you your freedom may obtain.

Once more to priſon muſt I go,
  Lady Arabella then did ſay,
To leave my love breeds all my woe,
  The which will bring my life's decay.

Love is a knot none can unknit,
Fancy a liking of the heart,
Him whom I love I can't forget,
Tho' from his preſence I muſt part.

The meaneſt people enjoy their mates,
But I was born unhappily,
For being croſs'd by cruel fates,
I want both love and liberty.

But death I hope will end the ſtrife,
Farewel, farewel, my love, quoth ſhe,
Once I had thought to have been thy wife,
But now am forc'd to part with thee.

At this ſad meeting ſhe had cauſe,
In heart and mind to grieve full ſore,
After that time Arabella fair,
Did never ſee lord Seymour more.

XXIV.

A ſervant's ſorrow for the loſs of his late royal miſtreſs queen Anne, who deceas'd at Hampton court the 2d of May, 1618.

IN dole and deep diſtreſs
Poor ſoul I ſighing make my moan,
A doom of heavineſs
Conſtrains my heavy heart to groan.
Then hapleſs I
That thus muſt cry
Againſt thoſe ſiſters three,
Which to my pain,
Her life hath ta'en
That late did comfort me.

In ſable weeds I mourn,
My prince's abſence to condole,
Who never can return
Unto my ſad forſaken ſoul.
Yet will I ſhow
The grounds of woe,
Of ſuch as mourners be,
For ſorrowing care
Will be my ſhare,
When none will comfort me.

My

My golden ſun is fled,
And cleareſt day beſet with clouds,
A hollow ſheet of lead
My late beloved princeſs ſhrouds.
For whoſe ſweet ſake
This moan I make,
As all the world may ſee,
There is no joy,
But in annoy;
Then who can comfort me?

With grief I waſte away,
Remembring of my gracious queen;
We ſervants all may ſay,
And witneſs well what ſhe hath been,
A princeſs kind,
Of royal mind,
Adorn'd with courteſy;
But now a grave
Her grace will have,
And none will comfort me.

Oh let my ireful cries
To ſadneſs court and country move,
No mourning may ſuffice
To tell my dear affecting love,

Nor words of woe
Cannot well ſhow,
The griefs that ſettled be
Within my breaſt,
So much diſtreſt,
That none can comfort me.

Yet mourners there be ſtore
Of kings, of ſtates, and princes high,
Who ſadly do deplore
The want of that ſweet majeſty:
Who ſpent her days
In virtuous ways,
And doing good, we ſee:
Her liberal hand
Adorn'd this land,
Which much doth comfort me.

My ſovereign lord king James,
Lamenting moans his turtle dear,
And princely Charles out-ſtreams
Full many a ſad and ſorrowful tear:
So as that race
Of royal grace
And blooms of majeſty,
Conjoin in one,
For to make moan,
Yet none will comfort me.

The Palſgrave of the Rhine,
With Denmark's moſt true honoured king,
Unto ſad ſorrow's ſhrine,
Some ſacrificing tears will bring:
Elizabeth
Thy mother's death
A mournful news will be,
To fill thoſe courts
With ſad reports,
Yet no man comforts me.

Methinks the Netherlands,
And German princes of her kin,
Poſſeſt with ſorrow ſtand,
And ſadly thus their grief begin:
Farewel, adieu,
Sweet queen ſo true,
Thy life much miſs'd will be;
For rich and poor
Fed on thy ſtore,
But now none comforts me.

Where'er her highneſs went,
Sweet bounty frankly ſhe beſtow'd,
The gifts that God her lent,
Unto the world ſhe nobly ſhow'd:

With many ways
Advanc'd her praiſe,
So full of good was ſhe;
The which did move
All men to love,
But now none comforts me.

You ladies fair and fine,
Attendants on this royal queen,
Her grace is made divine
On this dull earth not to be ſeen,
Her ſoul is flown
Up to the throne
Where angels reigning be,
Whilſt I aſpire
To vain deſire,
For now none comforts me.

Oh bleſſed be that mould
Which ſhall contain ſo ſweet a prize,
Keep ſafe the ſame inroll'd,
Untouch'd, unſeen by mortal eyes,
Till from this earth
A ſecond birth
Of newneſs framed be,
And till that hour
Preſerve this flower,
Whoſe goodneſs comforts me.

A queen

A queen and mother dear,
A wife, a daughter to a king,
A ſiſter royal here,
And grandom as renown doth ring:
Which rich born fame
Hath grac'd her name,
Though all now buried be,
Yet after-days
Shall ſound her praiſe;
Which greatly comforts me.

XXV.

An Excellent ſong made of the ſucceſſors of king Edward IV.

WHEN as the king of England dy'd,
Edward the fourth by name;
He had two ſons of tender years,
For to ſucceed the ſame:
Then Richard duke of Glouceſter
Deſiring kingly ſway,
Devis'd by treaſon how to make
His nephews both away.

He with the duke of Buckingham
Did cloſely then contrive
How he unto the Engliſh crown
Might happily atchieve:
Betwixt them both they laid a plot,
And both together went
To Stony Stratford, where they met
Our king incontinent.

This ſweet young king did entertain
His uncle lovingly,
Not thinking of their ſecret drift,
And wicked treachery;
But when the duke of Buckingham
To ſet abroach the thing,
Began a quarrel for the once,
With them that kept the king.

And there they did arreſt lord Gray,
The brother to the queen,
Her other brother lord Rivers,
In durance then was ſeen:
Sir Thomas Vaughan they likewiſe
Did then and there arreſt;
Thus was the king of all his friends
On ſudden diſpoſſeſt.

The king doth for his uncles plead,
And would their ſureties be:
But both theſe dukes would in no caſe
To his requeſt agree.
In brief theſe noblemen were ſent
To Pomfret caſtle ſoon,
Where ſecretly and ſuddenly
They there to death were doom.

Then forth they brought the king alone,
To London with great ſpeed,
Uſing perſuaſions in ſuch ſort,
Not to miſlike their deed:
But when to London he was come,
For him they had prepar'd
The biſhop's palace there to hold,
But ſafely under guard.

And then duke Richard takes on him
The keeping of the king,
Naming himſelf lord protector,
His purpoſe about to bring:
Deviſing how to get in hold
The other brother too,
The which the cardinal undertook
Full cunningly to do.

The cardinal then all in haſte
Unto the queen did come,
Uſing perſuaſions in ſuch ſort,
He got the other ſon:
And then they both incontinent
Unto the Tower were ſent,
After which time they ne'er came forth,
For death did them prevent.

Duke Richard having found the means
To work theſe princes death,
Did cauſe James Tirril's hired men
Full ſoon to ſtop their breath:
Miles Forreſt and James Dighton both,
Theſe wicked cruel men,
Were made the inſtruments of blood,
To work the murther then.

Theſe princes lying in their bed,
Being ſweetly arm in arm,
Not thinking of this vile intent,
Or meaning any harm:
Theſe villains in their feathered-beds
Did wrap them up in haſte,
And with the cloaths did ſmother them,
Till life and breath was paſt.

But when they were ſo murthered,
Where laid no man did know:
But mark the judgment of the Lord
Did ſharp revenge ſoon ſhow.
Betwixt the dukes within ſhort ſpace,
Such diſcord there was bred,
That Buckingham to pleaſe the king,
Was forc'd to loſe his head.

Then Richard in his kingly ſeat,
No reſt nor eaſe could find,
The murther of his nephews did
So ſore torment his mind;
He never could take quiet reſt,
His life he ſtill did fear;
His hand upon his dagger was,
And none might come him near.

At length the earl of Richmond came
With ſuch a puiſſant hand,
That this uſurping king was forc'd
In his defence to ſtand:
And meeting him in Boſworth field,
They fought with heart full fain,
But God (for ſhedding princes blood)
Caus'd Richard to be ſlain.

Then being dead upon a horſe,
Naked as he was born,
His fleſh ſore cut and mangled,
His hair all rent and torn.
And then earl Richmond worthily,
For this his deed of fame,
Of England he was crowned king,
Henry the ſeventh by name.

From whoſe moſt royal loins did ſpring
That famous king of might,
Henry the eighth, whoſe worthy deeds
Our chronicles recite:
Who dying left his land and crown
To Edward his ſweet ſon:
Whoſe gracious reign all England ru'd,
His time ſo ſoon was run.

His ſiſter Mary did ſucceed,
Next princeſs in this land,
But in her time blind ignorance
Againſt God's truth did ſtand:
Which cauſed many a martyr's blood
Be ſhed in rueful caſe;
But God did England's woes regard,
And turn'd thoſe ſtorms to grace.

At length the other ſiſter came,
Elizabeth, late queen;
And ſhe reliev'd her ſubjects hearts
From grief and ſorrow clean:
She ſpent her days in peace and joy,
And dy'd God's ſervant true,
And now enjoys a place in heaven,
Amongſt the bleſſed crew.

Next her ſucceeding mighty James,
Likewiſe of Henry's race,
His majeſty with royal right,
Deſerves this worthy place;
Whoſe progeny God long preſerve,
This kingdom for to ſway,
And ſend all ſubjects loyal hearts,
Their ſovereign to obey.

XXVI.

On the Sea Fight off Cape la Hogue in the year 1692.

The engagement which makes the ſubject of this very popular ballad, is very accurately deſcribed in the Memoirs of Great Britain and Ireland, by Sir John Dalrymple. *See p.* 205.

THURSDAY in the morn the ides of May,
Recorded for ever the famous ninety-two;
Brave Ruſſel did diſcern by dawn of day,
The lofty ſails of France advancing now:
All hands aloft, aloft, let Engliſh valour ſhine,
Let fly a culverin, the ſignal for the line,
Let every hand ſupply his gun,
Follow me, and you'll ſee,
That the battle will be ſoon begun.

Tourville on the main triumphant rowl'd,
To meet the gallant Ruſſel in combat on the deep;
He led the noble train of heroes bold,
To ſink the Engliſh admiral at his feet:
Now every valiant mind to victory doth aſpire,
The bloody fight's begun, the ſea itſelf on fire;
And turn'd those [illegible] on,

Sulphur, ſmoke and fire diſturb'd the air,
With thunder and wonder affright the Gallick ſhore;
Their regulated bands ſtood trembling near,
To ſee the lofty ſtreamers now no more;
At ſix o'clock the red, the ſmiling victors led,
To give a ſecond blow, the fatal overthrow;
Now death and horror equal reign,
Now they cry, run or die,
Britiſh colours rid the vanquiſh'd main.

See they fly amaz'd through rocks and ſands,
One danger they graſp at to ſhun the greater fate;
In vain they cry for aid to weeping lands,
The nymphs and ſea-gods mourn their loſt eſtate:
For evermore adieu thou Royal dazzling Sun,
From thy untimely end thy maſter's fate begun;
Enough thou mighty king of war,
Now we ſing bleſs the king,
Let us drink to every Engliſh tar.

XXVII.

XXVII.

Admiral Vernon's anſwer to Admiral Hoſier's Ghoſt. Written in 1740. By John Price, a land-waiter in the port of Poole.

In Dr. Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poëtry, vol. 2. p. 376, is inſerted an admirable ballad, intituled, Hoſier's Ghoſt, an Addreſs to Admiral Vernon, in Porto-Bello harbour; *the production of Mr. Glover, author of Leonidas.* "*In April* "1726, *admiral Hoſier was ſent with a ſtrong fleet into* "*the Spaniſh Weſt Indies, to block up the galleons in the* "*Spaniſh ports, but was reſtrained by his orders from* "*obeying the dictates of his courage. He continued cruiz-* "*ing in theſe ſeas, when ſeeing great numbers of his offi-* "*cers and men falling ſacrifices to an unhealthy climate, and* "*himſelf made the ſport of the enemy, is ſaid to have died* "*of a broken heart.*"—*The ballad concludes,*

"*O'er theſe waves for ever mourning,*
"*Shall we roam deprived of reſt,*
"*If to Britain's ſhores returning,*
"*You neglect my ſad requeſt.*
"*After this proud foe ſubduing,*
"*When your patriot friends you ſee;*
"*Think on vengeance for my ruin,*
"*And for England ſham'd in me.*"

HOSIER!

HOSIER! with indignant ſorrow,
I have heard thy mournful tale;
And, if heav'n permit, to-morrow
Hence our warlike fleet ſhall ſail.
O'er theſe hoſtile waves, wide roaming,
We will urge our bold deſign,
With the blood of thouſands foaming,
For our country's wrongs and thine.

On that day, when each brave fellow,
Who now triumphs here with me,
Storm'd and plunder'd Porto-Bello,
All my thoughts were full of thee.
Thy diſaſt'rous fate alarm'd me;
Fierce thy image glar'd on high,
And with gen'rous ardour warm'd me,
To revenge thy fall, or die.

From their lofty ſhips, deſcending,
Thro' the flood, in firm array,
To the deſtin'd city bending,
My lov'd ſailors work'd their way.
Strait the foe, with horror trembling,
Quits in haſte his batter'd walls;
And in accents, undiſſembling,
As he flies, for mercy calls.

Carthagena, tow'ring wonder!
At the daring deed diſmay'd,
Shall ere-long by Britain's thunder,
Smoaking in the duſt be laid.
Thou, and theſe pale ſpectres ſweeping,
Reſtleſs, o'er this watry round,
Whoſe wan cheeks are ſtain'd with weeping,
Pleas'd ſhall liſten to the ſound.

Still rememb'ring thy ſad ſtory,
To thy injur'd ghoſt I ſwear,
By my hopes of future glory,
War ſhall be my conſtant care:
And I ne'er will ceaſe purſuing,
Spain's proud ſons from ſea to ſea,
With juſt vengeance for thy ruin,
And for England ſham'd in thee.

XXVIII.

A ſong, by Paul Whitehead, Eſq.

The following ballad was ſung by Mr. Beard, at the Theatre Royal in Covent Garden, in December, 1759, in the character of a recruiting ſerjeant. It may be conſidered as a poetical regiſter of Britiſh ſucceſſes in that war.

"*When Britain fought, and triumph'd o'er her foe,*
"*Wherever winds could waft, or waters flow;*

In

IN ſtory we're told
How our monarchs of old
O'er France ſpread their royal domain;
But no annals can ſhow
Their pride laid ſo low,
As when brave George the Second did reign.

Of Roman and Greek
Let fame no more ſpeak,
How their arms the old world did ſubdue;
Thro' the nations around
Let our trumpets now ſound
How Britons have conquer'd the new.

Eaſt, weſt, north, and ſouth,
Our cannons' loud mouth
Shall the right of our monarch maintain:
On America's ſtrand
Amherſt limits the land,
Boſcawen gives law on the main.

Each port and each town
We will make our own,
Cape Breton, Crown Point, Niagar,
Guadaloupe, Senegal,
Quebec's mighty fall
Shall prove we've no equal in war.

Though Conflans did boaſt
He'd conquer our coaſt,
Our thunder ſoon made monſieur mute;
Brave Hawke wing'd his way,
Then pounc'd on his prey,
And gave him an Engliſh ſalute.

At Minden, you know,
How we conquer'd the foe,
While homeward their army now ſteals,
Though, they cry'd, Britiſh bands
Are too hard for our hands,
Begar we can beat them in heels.

While our heroes from home
For laurels now roam,
Should the flat-bottom boats but appear,
Our militia ſhall ſhew
No wooden-ſhoe foe
Can with freemen in battle compare.

Our

Our fortunes and lives,
Our children and wives,
To defend is the time now or never;
Then let each voluntier
To the drum-head repair,
King George and Old England for ever.

XXIX.

The complaint and lamentation of Miſtreſſe Arden of Feverſham in Kent, who for the loue of one Moſbie, hired certaine ruffians and villaines moſt cruelly to murder her huſband; with the fatall end of her and her aſſociats.

This ballad is reprinted from an old black letter copy. The event upon which it is founded was a real fact which happened in the reign of Henry VIII. In the year 1599, *a play was written on the ſubject, which was reprinted in* 1630, *and ſince in* 1730, *with a preface wherein the publiſher offers ſome reaſons to induce us to aſcribe it to Shakeſpeare. A few years ſince, George Lillo, the author of George Barnwell, and other dramatic pieces, made ſome alterations in it, and it was performed a ſingle night at Drury Lane, with a prologue and epilogue, written, as we have been informed, by Dr. John Hadley. For an account of the circumſtances of the murder which occaſioned both the play and ballad, ſee Hollingſhead, and Jacob's Hiſtory of Feverſham.*

AH me, vile wretch, that euer I was borne,
Making my ſelfe unto the world a ſcorne:
And to my friends and kindred all a ſhame,
Blotting their blood by my unhappy name.

Unto a gentleman of wealth and fame,
(One maſter Arden, he was call'd by name)
I wedded was with ioy and great content,
Liuing at Feuerſham in famous Kent.

In loue we liu'd, and great tranquillity,
Until I came in Moſbie's company,
Whoſe ſugred tongue, good ſhape, and louely looke,
Soone won my heart, and Arden's loue forſooke.

And liuing thus in foule adultery,
Bred in my huſband cauſe of iealouſie,
And leſt the world our actions ſhould bewray,
Wee did conſent to take his life away.

To London faire my huſband was to ride,
But ere he went I poyſon did prouide,
Got of a painter which I promiſed
That Moſbie's ſiſter Suſan he ſhould wed.

Into his broth I then did put the ſame,
He lik't it not when to the board it came,
Saying, There's ſomething in it is not ſound,
At which inrag'd, I flung it on the ground,

Yet

Yet ere he went, his man I did coniure,
Ere they came home, to make his maſter ſure,
And murder him, and for his faith and paine,
Suſan, and ſtore of gold that he ſhould gaine.

Yet I miſdoubting Michael's conſtancy,
Knowing a neighbour that was dwelling by,
Which to my huſband bore no great good will,
Sought to incenſe him his deare blood to ſpill.

His name was Greene; O maſter Greene (quoth I)
My huſband to you hath done iniury,
For which I ſorry am with all my heart,
And how he wrongeth me I will impart.

He keepes abroad moſt wicked company,
With whores and queanes, and bad ſociety:
When he comes home, he beats me ſides and head,
That I do wiſh that one of us were dead.

And now to London he is rid to roare,
I would that I might never ſee him more:
Greene then incenſt, did vow to be my friend,
And of his life he ſoon would make an end.

O maſter Greene, ſaid I, the danger's great,
You muſt be circumſpect to doe this feat;
To act the deed your ſelfe there is no need,
But hire ſome villaines, they will doe the deed.

Ten pounds Ile giue them to attempt this thing,
And twenty more when certaine newes they bring,
That he is dead, beſides Ile be your friend,
In honeſt courteſie till life doth end.

Greene vow'd to doe it; then away he went,
And met two villaines that did uſe in Kent,
To rob and murder upon Shooter's-hill,
The one call'd Shakebag, t'other nam'd Black Will.

Two ſuch like villaines hell did never hatch,
For twenty angels they made vp the match,
And forty more when they had done the deed,
Which made them ſweare, they'd do it with al ſpeed.

Then up to London preſently they hye,
Where maſter Arden in Paul's church they ſpy,
And waiting for his coming forth that night,
By a ſtrange chance of him they then loſt ſight.

For where theſe villaines ſtood and made their ſtop,
A prentice he was ſhutting vp his ſhop,
The window falling light on Black Will's head,
And broke it ſoundly, that apace it bled.

Where ſtraight he made a brabble and a coyle,
And my ſweet Arden he paſt by the while;
They miſſing him, another plot did lay,
And meeting Michael, thus to him they ſay:

Thou

Thou knowſt that we muſt packe thy maſter hence,
Therefore conſent and further our pretence,
At night when as your maſter goes to bed,
Leaue ope the doores, he ſhall be murthered.

And ſo he did, yet Arden could not ſleepe,
Strange dreames and viſions in his ſenſes creepe,
He dreamt the doores were ope, and villaines came,
To murder him, and 'twas the very ſame.

The SECOND PART.

HE roſe and ſhut the doore, his man he blames,
Which cunningly he ſtrait this anſwer frames,
I was ſo ſleepy that I did forget,
To locke the doores, I pray you pardon it.

Next day theſe ruffians met this man againe,
Who the whole ſtory to them did explaine,
My maſter will in towne no longer ſtay,
To-morrow you may meete him on the way.

Next day his buſineſſe being finiſhed,
He did take horſe, and homeward then he rid,
And as he rid, it was his hap as then,
To ouertake lord Cheiney and his men.

With

With ſalutations they each other greet,
I am full glad your honour for to meet,
Arden did ſay; then did the lord reply,
Sir, I am glad of your good company.

And being that we homeward are to ride,
I haue a ſuite that muſt not be denide,
That at my houſe youle ſup and lodge alſo,
To Feuerſham this night you muſt not goe.

Then Arden anſwered with this courteous ſpeech,
Your honour's pardon now I doe beſeech,
I made a vowe, if God did giue me life,
To ſup and lodge with Alice my louing wife.

Well, ſaid my lord, your oath hath got the day,
To-morrow come and dine with me, I pray,
He wait upon your honour then (ſaid he)
And ſafe he went amongſt this company.

On Raymon Downe, as they did paſſe this way,
Black Will and Shakebag they in ambuſh lay,
But durſt not touch him, cauſe of the great traine,
That my lord had: thus were they croſt againe.

With horrid oaths theſe ruffians gan to ſweare,
They ſtampe and curſt, and tore their locks of haire,
Saying, ſome angel ſurely him did keepe,
Yet vow'd to murther him ere they did ſleepe.

Now

Now all this while my huſband was away,
Moſby and I did reuel night and day;
And Suſan, which my waiting-maiden was,
My loues owne ſiſter, knew how all did paſſe.

But when I ſaw my Arden was not dead,
I welcom'd him, but with a heavy head:
To bed he went, and ſlept ſecure from harmes,
But I did wiſh my Moſby in my armes.

Yet ere he ſlept, he told me he muſt goe
To dinner to my lord's, hee'd haue it ſo;
And that ſame night Black Will did ſend me word,
What lucke bad fortune did to them afford.

I ſent him word, that he next day would dine
At the lord Cheinies, and would riſe betime,
And on the way their purpoſe might fulfill,
Well Ile reward you, when that you him kill.

Next morne betimes, before the breake of day,
To take him napping then they took their way;
But ſuch a miſt and fog there did ariſe,
They could not ſee although they had foure eyes.

Thus Arden ſcap'd theſe villaines where they lay,
And yet they heard his horſe goe by that way,
I thinke (ſaid Will) ſome ſpirit is his friend,
Come life or death, I vow to ſee his end.

Then to my houſe they ſtrait did take their way,
Telling me how they miſſed of their prey;
Then preſently we did together gree,
At night at home that he ſhould murdered be.

Moſby and I, and all, our plot thus lay,
That he at tables ſhould with Arden play,
Black Will and Sakebag they themſelves ſhould hide,
Until that Moſby he a watch-word cride.

The word was this whereon we did agree,
Now (maſter Arden) I haue taken ye:
Woe to that word, and woe unto us all,
Which bred confuſion and our ſudden fall.

When he came home, moſt welcome him I made,
And Iudas like, I kiſt whom I betraide,
Moſby and he together went to play,
For I on purpoſe did the tables lay.

And as they plaid the word was ſtraightway ſpoke,
Blacke Will and Sakebag out the corner broke,
And with a towell backwards pul'd him downe,
Which made me think they now my ioyes did crowne.

With ſwords and knives they ſtabb'd him to the heart,
Moſby and I did likewiſe act our part,
And then his body ſtraight we did conuey
Behind the abbey in the field he lay.

And

And then by juſtice we were ſtraight condemn'd,
Each of us came vnto a ſhameleſſe end,
For God our ſecret dealings ſoone did ſpy,
And brought to light our ſhamefull villainy.

Thus have you heard of Arden's tragedy,
It reſts to ſhow you how the reſt did die:
His wife at Canterbury ſhe was burnt,
And all her fleſh and bones to aſhes turn'd.

Moſby and his fair ſiſter they were brought
To London for the treſpaſſe they had wrought,
In Smithfield on a gibbet they did die,
A iuſt reward for all their villainie.

Michael and Bradſhaw, which a goldſmith was,
That knew of letters which from them did paſſe,
At Feuerſham were hanged both in chaines,
And well rewarded for their faithfull paines.

The painter fled none knowes how he did ſpeed,
Shakebag in Southwark he to death did bleed,
For as he thought to ſcape and run away,
He ſuddenly was murdered in a fray.

In Kent at Oſbridge Greene did ſuffer death,
Hang'd on a gibbet he did loſe his breath:
Blacke Will at Fluſhing on a ſtage did burne,
Thus each one came unto his end by turne.

And

And thus my ſtory I conclude and end,
Praying the Lord that he his grace will ſend
Upon us all, and keep us all from ill.
Amen ſay all, if't be thy bleſſed will.

XXX.

The lamentable ſong of the lord Wigmore, governour of Warwick-caſtle, and the fair maid of Dunſmore.

IN Warwickſhire there ſtands a down,
And Dunſmore-heath it hath to name,
Adjoining to a country town,
Made famous by a maiden's name:

Fair Iſabel ſhe named was,
A ſhepherd's daughter, as ſome ſay;
To Wigmore's ears her fame did paſs,
As he in Warwick-caſtle lay.

Poor love-ſick lord immediately
Upon her fame ſet his delight;
And thought much pleaſure ſure did lye
Poſſeſſing of ſo fair a wight.

There-

Therefore to Dunſmore did repair,
To recreate his ſickly mind;
Where in a ſummer's evening fair,
His chance was Iſabel to find.

She ſat amidſt a meadow green,
Moſt richly ſpread with ſmelling flowers,
And by a river ſhe was ſeen
To ſpend away ſome evening hours.

There laid this maiden all alone,
Waſhing her feet in ſecret wiſe,
Which virgin fair to look upon
Did much delight his loving eyes.

She thinking not to be eſpy'd,
Had laid from her her country tire;
The treſſes of her hair unty'd,
Hung gliſtering like the golden wire.

And as the flakes of winter ſnow,
That lye unmelted on the plains,
So white her body was in ſhow;
Like ſilver ſprings did run her veins.

He, raviſht with this pleaſant ſight,
Stood as a man amazed ſtill;
Suffering his eyes to take delight,
That never thought they had their fill.

She blinded their affections ſo,
That reaſon's rules were led away;
And love the coals of luſt did blow,
Which to a fire flamed high.

And though he knew the ſin was great,
It burned ſo within his breaſt,
With ſuch a vehement ſcorching heat,
That none but ſhe could lend him reſt.

Lord Wigmore being thus drown'd in luſt,
By liking of this dainty dame;
He call'd a ſervant of great truſt,
Inquiring ſtraight what was her name.

She is, quoth he, no married wife,
But a ſhepherd's daughter as you ſee,
And with her father leads her life,
Whoſe dwellings by theſe paſtures be;

Her name is Iſabel the fair,
Then ſtay, quoth he, and ſpeak no more,
But to my caſtle ſtraight her bear,
Her ſight hath wounded me full ſore.

Thus to lord Wigmore ſhe was brought,
Who with delight his fancies fed,
And through his ſuit ſuch means he wrought,
That he entic'd her to his bed.

This

This being done, incontinent
She did return from whence ſhe came,
And every day ſhe did invent
To cover her received ſhame.

But ere three months were fully paſt,
Her crime committed plain appears;
Unto lord Wigmore then in haſte
She long complain'd with weeping tears.

Lord Wigmore, thus I have defil'd
And ſpotted my pure virgin's bed;
Behold I am conceiv'd with child,
To which vile folly you me led.

For now this deed that I have wrought
Throughout the country well is known,
And to my woful parents brought,
Who now for me do make great moan.

How ſhall I look them in the face,
When they my ſhameleſs ſelf ſhall ſee?
O curſed Eve, I feel thy caſe,
When thou hadſt taſted of the tree.

Thou hidſt thyſelf, and ſo muſt I,
But God thy treſpaſs quickly found;
No dark may hide me from God's eye,
But leave my ſhame ſtill to abound.

Wide open are mine eyes to look
Upon my ſad and heavy ſin:
And quite unclaſped is the book,
Where my accounts are written in.

This ſin of mine deſerveth death,
But judge lord Wigmore I am ſhe,
For I have trod a ſtrumpet's path,
And for the ſame I needs muſt die.

Beſpotted with reproachful ſhame
To ages following ſhall I be,
And in records be writ my blame;
Lord Wigmore this is long of thee.

Lord Wigmore, proſtrate at thy feet,
I crave my juſt deſerved doom,
That death may cut off from the root
This body, bloſſom, branch and bloom.

Let modeſty, accurſe this crime,
Let love and law, and nature ſpeak,
Was ever any wretch yet ſeen
That in one inſtant all did break?

Then Wigmore juſtice on me ſhew,
For thus conſenting to the act,
Give me my death, for that is due
To ſuch as ſin in ſuch a fact.

O that the womb had been my grave,
Or I had periſh'd in my birth,
O that ſame day may darkneſs have,
Wherein I firſt drew vital breath.

Let God regard it not at all,
Let not the ſun upon it ſhine,
Let miſty darkneſs on it fall,
For to make known this ſin of mine.

The night wherein I was conceiv'd,
Let be accurſt with mournful cries,
Let twinkling ſtars from ſky bereav'd,
And clouds of darkneſs thereon riſe.

Becauſe they ſhut not up their powers,
That gave the paſſage to my life.
Come ſorrow, finiſh up my hours,
And let my time here end with grief.

And having made this woful moan,
A knife ſhe ſnatched from her ſide;
Lucretia's part was rightly ſhown,
For with the ſame fair Iſabel dy'd.

Whereat lord Wigmore grieved ſore,
A heart repenting his amiſs,
And after would attempt no more
To crop the flower of maidens bliſs;

But lived long in woful wife,
Till death did finish up his days,
And now in Isabel's grave he lyes,
Till judgement comes them both to raise.

XXXI.

HENGIST AND MEY:

Written by William Julius Mickle, author of Sir Martyn, an excellent imitation of Spenser, a translation of the Lusiad of Camoens, and several other pieces; the merit of which are too well known to require any eulogium.

IN ancient days, when Arthur reign'd,
Sir Elmer had no peer!
And no young knight in all the land
The ladies lov'd so dear.

His sister Mey, the fairest maid
Of all the virgin train,
Won every heart at Arthur's court;
But all their love was vain.

In vain they lov'd, in vain they vow'd,
Her heart they could not move:
Yet at the evening hour of prayer
Her mind was lost in love.

The

The abbeſs ſaw, the abbeſs knew,
And urg'd her to explain;
O name the gentle youth to me,
And his conſent I'll gain.

Long urg'd, long tir'd, fair Mey reply'd,
His name how can I ſay?
An angel from the fields above
Has rapt my heart away.

But once, alas, and never more,
His lovely form I ſpied,
One evening by the ſounding ſhore,
All by the greenwood ſide:

His eyes to mine the love confeſt,
That glow'd with mildeſt grace:
His courtly mein and purple veſt
Beſpoke his princely race.

But when he heard my brother's horn
Faſt to his ſhips he fled:
Yet while I ſleep his graceful form
Still hovers round my bed.

Sometimes all clad in armour bright,
He ſhakes a warlike lance;
And now in courtly garments dight,
He leads the ſprightly dance.

His hair is black as raven's wing,
  His ſkin as Chriſtmas ſnow,
His cheeks outvie the bluſh of morn,
  His lips like roſe-buds glow.

His limbs, his arms, his ſtature, ſhap'd
  By nature's fineſt hand;
His ſparkling eyes declare him born
  To love and to command.

The live-long year fair Mey bemoan'd
  Her hopeleſs pining love:
But when the balmy ſpring return'd,
  And ſummer cloath'd the grove;

All round by pleaſant Humber ſide
  The Saxon banners flew,
And to ſir Elmer's caſtle gates
  The ſpear-men came in view.

Fair bluſh'd the morn when Mey look'd o'er
  The caſtle-wall ſo ſheen;
And, lo, the warlike Saxon youth
  Were ſporting on the green.

There Hengiſt, Offa's eldeſt ſon,
  Lean'd on his burniſh'd lance,
And all the armed youth around
  Obey'd his manly glance.

His locks as black as raven's wing
Adown his ſhoulders flow'd,
His cheeks outvied the bluſh of morn,
His lips like roſe-buds glow'd.

And ſoon the lovely form of Mey
Has caught his piercing eyes:
He gives the ſign, the bands retire,
While big with love he ſighs,

Oh thou, for whom I dar'd the ſeas,
And come with peace or war;
Oh, by that croſs that veils thy breaſt,
Relieve thy lover's care!

For thee I'll quit my father's throne,
With thee the wilds explore;
Or with thee ſhare the Britiſh crown,
With thee the croſs adore.

Beneath the timorous virgin bluſh,
With love's ſoft warmth ſhe glows:
So bluſhing thro' the dews of morn
Appears the opening roſe.

'Twas now the hour of morning prayer,
When men their ſins bewail,
And Elmer heard king Arthur's horn
Shrill ſounding thro' the dale.

The pearly tears from Mey's bright eyes
Like April dew-drops fell,
When with a parting dear embrace
Her brother bade farewell.

The croſs with ſparkling diamonds bright
That veil'd her ſnowy breaſt,
With prayers to heaven, her lily hands
Have fixt on Elmer's veſt.

Now, with five hundred bowmen true,
He's march'd acroſs the plain,
Till with his gallant yeomandrie
He join'd king Arthur's train.

Full forty thouſand Saxon ſpears
Came glittering down the hill,
And with their ſhouts and clang of arms
The diſtant valleys fill.

Old Offa, dreſt in Odin's garb,
Aſſum'd the hoary god;
And Hengiſt, like the warlike Thor,
Before the horſemen rode.

With dreadful rage the combat burns,
The captains ſhout amain;
And Elmer's tall victorious ſpear
Far glances o'er the plain,

To ſtop its courſe young Hengiſt flew
Like lightning o'er the field;
And ſoon his eyes the well-known croſs
On Elmer's veſt beheld.

The ſlighted lover ſwell'd his breaſt,
His eyes ſhot living fire,
And all his martial heat before
To this was mild deſire.

On his imagin'd rival's front
With whirlwind ſpeed he preſt,
And glancing to the ſun, his ſword
Reſounds on Elmer's creſt.

The foe gave way, the princely youth
With heedleſs rage purſu'd,
Till trembling in his cloven helm
Sir Elmer's javelin ſtood.

He bow'd his head, ſlow dropt his ſpear,
The reins ſlipt through his hand,
And ſtain'd with blood, his ſtately corſe
Lay breathleſs on the ſtrand.

O bear me off, ſir Elmer cried,
Before my painful ſight
The combat ſwims—yet Hengiſt's veſt
I claim as victor's right.

Brave Hengiſt's fall the Saxons ſaw,
And all in terror fled.
The bowmen to the caſtle gates
The bold ſir Elmer led.

Oh waſh my wounds, my ſiſter dear,
O pull this Saxon dart,
That whizzing from young Hengiſt's arm
Has almoſt pierc'd my heart.

Yet in my hall his veſt ſhall hang,
And Britons yet unborn
Shall with the trophies of to-day
Their ſolemn feaſts adorn.

All trembling Mey beheld the veſt;
Oh, Merlin, loud ſhe cried,
Thy words are true—my ſlaughter'd love
Shall have a breathleſs bride!

Oh, Elmer, Elmer, boaſt no more
That low my Hengiſt lies!
O, Hengiſt, cruel was thine arm;
My brother bleeds and dies!

She ſpake—the roſes left her cheek,
And life's warm ſpirits fled:
So nipt by winter's lingering blaſts,
The ſnow-drop bows the head.

Yet parting life one ſtruggle gave,
She lifts her languid eyes;
" Return, my Hengiſt, oh return,
My ſlaughter'd love!" ſhe cries.

Oh—ſtill he lives—he ſmiles again,
With all his grace he moves:
I come—I come, where bow nor ſpear
Shall more diſturb our loves.—

She ſpake—ſhe died. The Saxon dart
Was drawn from Elmer's ſide;
And thrice he call'd his ſiſter Mey,
And thrice he groan'd, and di'd.

Where in the dale a moſs-grown croſs
O'erſhades an aged thorn,
Sir Elmer's and young Hengiſt's corſe
Were by the ſpearmen borne;

And there all clad in robes of white,
With many a ſigh and tear,
The village maids to Hengiſt's grave
Did Mey's fair body bear.

And there at dawn and fall of day,
All from the neighbouring groves,
The turtles wail in widow'd notes,
And ſing their hapleſs loves.

XXXII.

Sir JAMES the ROSS.

Is reprinted from a copy lately publiſhed in Scotland, and declared to have been written many years ago.

OF all the Scottiſh northern chiefs,
Of his high warlike name,
The braveſt was Sir James the Roſs,
A knight of meikle fame.

His growth was as the tufted fir
That crowns the mountain's brow,
And waving o'er his ſhoulders broad
His locks of yellow flew.

The chieftain of the brave clan Roſs,
A firm undaunted band;
Five hundred warriors drew the ſword
Beneath his high command.

In bloody fight thrice had he ſtood
Againſt the Engliſh keen,
Ere two-and-twenty op'ning ſprings
This blooming youth had ſeen.

The fair Matilda dear he lov'd,
A maid of beauty rair,
Even Marg'ret on the Scottiſh throne
Was never half ſo fair.

Lang had he woo'd, lang ſhe refus'd
With ſeeming ſcorn and pride;
Yet aft her eyes confeſs'd the love
Her fearful words deny'd.

At laſt ſhe bleſs'd his well-try'd faith,
Allow'd his tender claim;
She vow'd to him her virgin heart,
And own'd an equal flame.

Her father, Buchan's cruel lord,
Their paſſion diſapprov'd,
And bade her wed ſir John the Graham,
And leave the youth ſhe lov'd.

Ae night they met as they were wont,
Deep in a ſhady wood,
Where on the bank beſide the burn,
A blooming ſaugh-tree ſtood.

Conceal'd among the underwood
The crafty Donald lay,
The brother of ſir John the Graham,
To hear what they would ſay.

When

When thus the maid began:—My ſire
Your paſſion diſapproves,
And bids me wed ſir John the Graham,
So here muſt end our loves!

My father's will muſt be obey'd,
Nought boots me to withſtand;
Some fairer maid in beauty's bloom
Shall bleſs thee with her hand.

Matilda ſoon ſhall be forgot,
And from thy mind defac'd;
But may that happineſs be thine
Which I can never taſte.

What do I hear? Is this thy vow?
Sir James the Roſs reply'd,
And will Matilda wed the Graham,
Tho' ſworn to be my bride?

His ſword ſhall ſooner pierce my heart
Then reave me of thy charms!
Then claſp'd her to his beating breaſt,
Faſt lock'd within her arms.

I ſpake to try thy love, ſhe ſaid,
I'll ne'er wed man but thee;
The grave ſhall be my bridal bed,
Ere Graham my huſband be.

Take

Take then, dear youth, this faithful kiſs,
In witneſs of my troth,
And every plague become my lot,
That day I break my oath.

They parted thus: the ſun was ſet,
Up haſty Donald flies,
And turn thee, turn thee, beardleſs youth,
He loud inſulting cries.

Soon turn'd about the fearleſs chief,
And ſoon his ſword he drew,
For Donald's blade before his breaſt
Had pierc'd his tartans through.

This for my brother's ſlighted love,
His wrongs ſit on my arm:
Three paces back the youth retir'd,
And ſav'd himſelf frae harm.

Returning ſwift, his hand he rear'd
Frae Donald's head above,
And thro' the brains and craſhing bones
His ſharp edg'd weapon drove.

He ſtagg'ring reel'd, then tumbled down,
A lump of breathleſs clay;
So fall my foes! quoth valiant Roſs,
And ſtately ſtrode away.

Thro'

Thro' the green wood he quickly hy'd,
Unto lord Buchan's hall,
And at Matilda's window ſtood,
And thus began to call:

Art thou aſleep, Matilda dear!
Awake, my love, awake;
Thy luckleſs lover calls on thee,
A long farewel to take.

For I have ſlain fierce Donald Graham,
His blood is on my ſword;
And diſtant are my faithful men,
Nor can aſſiſt their lord.

To Skye I'll now direct my way,
Where my two brothers bide,
And raiſe the valiant of the iſles
To combat on my ſide.

O, do not ſo! the maid replies,
With me till morning ſtay,
For dark and dreary is the night,
And dangerous is the way:

All night I'll watch you in the park,
My faithful page I'll ſend,
To run and raiſe the Roſs's clan,
Their maſter to defend.

Beneath a buſh he laid him down,
And wrapt him in his plaid,
While trembling for her lover's fate,
At diſtance ſtood the maid.

Swift ran the page o'er hill and dale,
Till in a lowly glen
He met the furious ſir John Graham,
With twenty of his men.

Where go'ſt thou, little page? he ſaid:
So late who did thee ſend?
I go to raiſe the Roſs's clan
Their maſter to defend.

For he has ſlain fierce Donald Graham,
His blood is on his ſword,
And far, far diſtant are his men,
That ſhould aſſiſt their lord.

And has he ſlain my brother dear?
The furious Graham replies,
Diſhonour blaſt my name! but he
By me ere morning dies.

Tell me, where is ſir James the Roſs?
I will thee well reward;
He ſleeps within lord Buchan's park;
Matilda is his guard.

They ſpurr'd their ſteeds in furious mood,
And ſcour'd along the lea,
They reach'd lord Buchan's lofty tow'rs
By dawning of the day.

Matilda ſtood without the gate,
To whom thus Graham did ſay;
Saw ye Sir James the Roſs laſt night,
Or did he paſs this way?

Laſt day at noon, Matilda ſaid,
Sir James the Roſs paſs'd by,
He furious prick'd his ſweaty ſteed,
And onward faſt did hy.

By this he is at Edinburgh croſs,
If horſe and man hold good—
Your page then ly'd, who ſaid he was
Now ſleeping in the wood.

She wrung her hands and tore her hair,
Brave Roſs! thou art betray'd,
And ruin'd by thoſe very means
From whence I hop'd thine aid.

By this the valiant knight awak'd,
The virgin's ſhriek he heard;
And up he roſe, and drew his ſword,
When the fierce band appear'd.

Your ſword laſt night my brother ſlew,
His blood yet dims its ſhine,
But ere the ſetting of the ſun
Your blood ſhall reek on mine.

You word it well, the chief return'd,
But deeds approve the man;
Set by your men, and hand to hand
We'll try what valour can.

Oft boaſting hides a coward's heart,
My weighty ſword you fear,
Which ſhone in front of Flodden field,
When you kept in the rear.

With dauntleſs ſtep he forward ſtrode,
And dar'd him to the fight;
But Graham gave back, and fear'd his arm,
For well he knew its might.

Four of his men, the braveſt four,
Sunk down beneath his ſword;
But ſtill he ſcorn'd the poor revenge,
And fought their haughty lord.

Behind him baſely came the Graham,
And pierc'd him in the ſide,
Out ſpouting came the purple tide,
And all his tartans dy'd.

But yet his ſword quat not the grip,
Nor dropt he to the ground,
Till thro' his en'my's heart his ſteel
Had forc'd a mortal wound.

Graham like a tree with wind o'erthrown,
Fell breathleſs on the clay,
And down beſide him ſunk the Roſs,
And faint and dying lay.

The ſad Matilda ſaw him fall,
O ſpare his life! ſhe cried,
Lord Buchan's daughter begs his life,
Let her not be deny'd.

Her well known voice the hero heard,
He rais'd his half-clos'd eyes,
And fix'd them on the weeping maid,
And weakly thus replies:

In vain Matilda begs the life
By death's arreſt deny'd;
My race is run!—Adieu my love!
Then clos'd his eyes and dy'd.

The ſword yet warm, from his left ſide
With frantic hand ſhe drew;
I come, Sir James the Roſs, ſhe cried,
I come to follow you.

She lean'd the hilt againſt the ground,
And bar'd her ſnowy breaſt,
Then fell upon her lover's face,
And ſunk to endleſs reſt.

XXXIII.

COLMA.

This poem fixes the antiquity of a cuſtom, which is well known to have prevailed afterwards, in the north of Scotland, and in Ireland. The bards, at an annual feaſt, provided by king or chief, repeated their poems; and ſuch of them as were thought by him worthy of being preſerved, were carefully taught to their children, in order to have them tranſmitted to poſterity. It was one of thoſe occaſions that afforded the ſubject of the preſent poem to Oſſian. It is called in the original, the Song of Selma, which title it was thought proper to adopt in the tranſlation.

'TIS night: and on the hill of ſtorms
Alone doth Colma ſtray:
While round her ſhriek fantaſtic forms
Of ghoſts that hate the day.

O'er rocks the torrent roars amain,
The whirlwind's voice is high:
To ſave her from the wind and rain,
No friendly ſhelter nigh!

Riſe, moon! kind ſtars! appear a while;
And guide me to the place,
Where reſts my love, o'ercome with toil,
And wearied with the chace.

Some light! direct me, helpleſs maid!
Where, ſitting on the ground,
His bow unſtrung is near him laid,
His panting dogs around.

Elſe by the rock, the ſtream beſide,
I here muſt ſit me down;
While howls the wind, and roars the tide,
My lover's call to drown.

Ah! why, my Salgar! this delay,
Where ſtray thy ling'ring feet?
Didſt thou not promiſe in the day
Thy love at night to meet?

Here is the rock, and here the tree,
Thine own appointed ſpot;
Thy promiſe canſt thou break with me?
And is my love forgot?

For thee I'd dare my brother's pride?
My father's houſe would fly,
For thee forſake my mother's ſide;
With thee to live and die.

Be hush'd, ye winds! how loud ye brawl!
Stream! ſtand a moment ſtill;
Perhaps my love may hear me call,
Upon the neighbouring hill.

Ho! Salgar! Salgar! mend thy pace;
To Colma haſte away.
'Tis I, and this th' appointed place:
Ah! wherefore this day?

Kind moon! thou giv'ſt a friendly light;
And lo! the glaſſy ſtream,
And the grey rocks, through duſky night,
Reflect thy ſilver beam.

Yet I deſcry not Salgar's form;
No dogs before him run.——
Shall I not periſh by the ſtorm,
Before to-morrow's ſun?

But what behold I, on the heath?
My love! my brother! laid—
O ſpeak, my friends! nor hold your breath,
T' affright a trembling maid.

They anſwer not—they ſleep—they're dead—
Alas! the horrid fight—
Here lie their angry ſwords, ſtill red,
And bleeding from the fight.

Ah! wherefore lies, by Salgar ſlain,
My brother bleeding here?
Why Salgar murder'd on the plain,
By one to me ſo near?

Friends of my choice! how lov'd were both!
Who now your fame ſhall raiſe?
Who ſing my lover's plighted troth;
My brother's ſong of praiſe?

Of thouſands lovely, Salgar's face
Was lovelieſt to the ſight:
Renown'd my brother for the chace,
And terrible in fight.

Sons of my love! ſpeak once again——
Ah no!——to death a prey,
Silent they are, and muſt remain;
For cold their breaſts of clay.

But are their fleeting ſpirits fled,
Acroſs the plain ſo ſoon!
Or ſhun the ſhadows of the dead
The glimpſes of the moon?

Speak, where on rock, or mountain grave,
Still claſh your ſouls of fire,
Or reconcil'd, in ſome dark cave
Your peaceful ghoſts retire.

Ah!

Ah! where her friends ſhall Colma find?
Hark——No——they're ſilent ſtill——
No muttering anſwer brings the wind:
No whiſper o'er the hill.

Fearleſs, yet overwhelm'd with grief,
I ſit all night in tears;
Hopeleſs of comfort or relief,
When morning light appears.

Yet raiſe, ye friends of theſe the dead,
On this ſad ſpot their tomb;
But cloſe not up their narrow bed;
Till hapleſs Colma come.

For why behind them ſhould we ſtay,
Whoſe life is now a dream?
Together here our corſes lay,
Beſide the murmuring ſtream.

So ſhall my ſhivering ghoſt be ſeen,
Lamenting o'er the ſlain;
As homeward hies the hunter keen,
Benighted on the plain.

Yet ſhall he, fearleſs, paſs along,
And lend his liſtening ear:
For ſweet, though ſad, ſhall be my ſong,
For friends I lov'd ſo dear.

XXXIV.

XXXIV.

NATHOS AND DARTHULA.

By J. Tait.

The hint of this poem (attempted in the ballad ſtile) is taken from one of the leſſer poems of Oſſian.

ON Morven's hills, where valour roſe
The prudence of the ſoil,
The youthful Nathos, dread of foes,
Enjoyed the martial toil.

Great in the field, his fiery ſpear
Commanded prompt regard;
In days of peace the ſprightly chear,
With ſocial ſoul he ſhar'd.

Impartial heroes prais'd his truth,
Approv'd his growing fame,
The artleſs virgins lov'd the youth,
And nurs'd the am'rous flame.

But

But chief for fair Darthula's charms
His feeling boſom beat;
For her he bore the toil of arms,
And mock'd the battle's heat.

With ev'ry grace the virgin ſhone
Unrival'd on the plain—
What wonder if the youth was won,
And hugg'd the pleaſing chain!

In calm content they paſs'd the day,
When war had ceas'd to rage,
Now told the laughing ſtory gay,
Now heard the tale of age.

But Cairbar, Erin's bloody king,
Beheld with envious eyes;
He bad the hoſtile clangour ring,
And num'rous armies riſe.

The gallant Nathos heard the ſound
That threaten'd dreadful woe;
He call'd his warlike chiefs around,
And, pointing to the foe,

Behold, he cried, the hoſtile crew
That come to try our might,
In endleſs lines they riſe to view,
And tire the burden'd ſight;

But ſhall their numbers damp our fire?
Shall Morven's heroes yield?
Shall we forego each great deſire,
And tamely quit the field?

No—like our fathers let us riſe,
Like them ruſh furious on;
Haſte, let us ſnatch the glorious prize
Of conqueſt fairly won.

His words inflam'd each warrior's ſoul,
Their breaſts with tranſport glow'd,
A loud applauſe run thro' the whole,
By dauntleſs hearts beſtow'd.

Darthula ſaw the morning ſcene,
Her griefs were mix'd with joy,
She could not leave the beſt of men,
Nor warlike ſchemes annoy.

For well ſhe knew the claſh of ſwords
Was grateful to his ear;
Yet love's deluſive parting words
Might touch his heart too near.

In penſive poſture long ſhe ſtood,
Revolving in her mind,
Whether to join the godlike crowd,
Or lonely pine behind.

At laſt ſhe burſt the martial ranks,
Array'd in warlike pride;
Swift as a ſtream that ſcorns its banks,
They parted on each ſide.

Low at her Nathos' feet ſhe fell,
And muſt we part? ſhe ſaid;
Muſt you the hoſtile crew expel,
And leave your helpleſs maid?

But glory calls, and valour ſues,
Haſte then, the call obey;
Tho' fond regard my heart ſubdues,
I ne'er ſhall aſk your ſtay.

But can I live when you are gone,
On Morven's lonely plain?
Shall I poſſeſs the halls alone,
And ſing the mournful ſtrain?

No—like a youth of mighty force,
I'll follow where you go;
With willing heart purſue your courſe,
Nor heed the num'rous foe.

If prayers or tears the fates can move,
Succeſs ſhall ſmile around;
If Nathos fall, Darthula's love
Shall watch the fatal wound.

With

With mute attention Nathos heard
Darthula's fond requeſt;
Her love the dreadful proſpect chear'd,
And warm'd the hero's breaſt.

Yes, you ſhall go, my faithful fair,
To horror's fav'rite ſcene;
If you are near, I'll mock deſpair,
And ſcorn the might of men.

With rapid haſte the field they ſought
Where Erin's monarch lay;
With fatal force the armies fought,
And Nathos' fell a prey.

The ſad Darthula's care was vain,
In vain was ev'ry art;
No earthly pow'r could eaſe his pain,
Or heal his bleeding heart.

As o'er his wounds Darthula wept,
And bath'd them with a tear,
The breaſt-plate from her boſom leapt,
She toſs'd away the ſpear.

Grim Erin's monarch ſeiz'd the ſpoil
With triumph's cruel joy;
He view'd the nymph with ſcornful ſmile,
Ambitious to deſtroy.

With

With haughty words he ſought her love,
So oft refus'd before;
With threaten'd woe he tried to move,
But ſhe diſdainful bore.

Since Nathos falls, with him I'll die,
No other boon I crave;
Since life can nought of bliſs ſupply,
I'll court his ſilent grave.

There ſhall the conſtant lovers meet,
And all their paſſion tell,
Shall ſtrow with ſhrubs and flow'rets ſweet
His tomb, who lov'd ſo well.

But ſee! his ſhade delays its flight,
And chides my tedious ſtay;
I come, my love—my ſole delight!
She ſpoke—and dy'd away.

XXXV.

CHILDE WATERS.

This ballad which appears to be ancient, and the following one on the ſame ſubject, by Mrs. Hampden Pye, are printed from a collection of poems publiſhed by that lady in the year 1771.

CHILDE Waters in his ſtable ſtoode,
And ſtroakt his milk-white ſteede,
To him a fayre yonge lady came,
As ever ware woman's weede.

Sayes, Chriſt you ſave, good Childe Waters,
Sayes, Chriſt you ſave, and ſee;
My girdle of gold that was too longe,
Is now too ſhort for mee.

And all is with one childe of yours,
I feel ſturre at my ſide:
My gowne of greene it is too ſtraighte,
Before it was too wide.

Iſt he childe be mine, fair Ellen, he ſaid,
Be mine as you tell mee;
Then take you Cheſhire and Lancaſhire both,
Take them your own to bee.

If the childe be mine, fair Ellen, he ſaid,
Be mine as you doe ſweare;
Then take you Cheſhire and Lancaſhire both,
And make that child your heyre.

Shee ſayes, I had rather have one kiſſe,
Childe Waters, of thy mouth;
Than I wold have Cheſhire and Lancaſhire both,
That lye by north and ſouthe.

And I had rather have one twinklinge,
Childe Waters, of thine ee;
Than I wold have Cheſhire and Lancaſhire both,
To take them mine owne to bee.

To-morrow, Ellen, I muſt forth ride,
Farr into the north countree;
The fayreſt ladye that I can finde,
Ellen, muſt goe with mee.

Though I am not a lady fayre,
Yet let me go with thee,
And ever I pray you, Childe Waters,
Your foot-page let me bee.

If you my foot-page will be, Ellen,
As you do tell to mee:
Then you muſt cut your gown of greene,
An inch above your knee.

Soe muſt you do your yellow locks,
An inch above your ee:
You muſt tell no man what is my name,
My foot-page then you ſhall bee.

Shee, all the longe daye Childe Waters rode,
Ran barefoote by his ſyde;
Yet was he never ſoe courteous a knighte,
To ſay, Ellen, will you ryde?

Shee, all the longe daye Childe Waters rode,
Ran barefoote throw the broome;
Yet was he never ſo courteous a knighte,
To ſay, put on your ſhoone.

Ride ſoftlye, ſhee ſayd, O Childe Waters,
Why do you ryde ſo faſt?
The childe, which is no man's but thine,
My bodye it will braſt.

Hee ſayth, ſeeſt thou yond water, Ellen,
That flows from bank to brimme?
I truſt in God, O Childe Waters,
You never will ſee me ſwymme.

But when ſhe came to the water ſyde,
Shee ſayled to the chinne;
Now the Lord of Heaven be my ſpeede,
For I muſt learn to ſwymme.

The ſalt waters bare up her clothes,
Our lady bare up her chinne:
Childe Waters was a woe man, good Lord,
To ſee fayre Ellen ſwymme.

And when ſhee over the water was,
Shee then came to his knee:
Hee ſayd, come hither, thou fayre Ellen,
Loe yonder what I ſee.

Seeſt thou not yonder hall, Ellen:
Of red gold ſhines the yate:
Of twenty-foure fayre ladyes there,
The fayreſt is my mate.

Seeſt thou not yonder hall, Ellen?
Of red gold ſhines the towre:
There are twenty-foure ladyes there;
The fayreſt is my paramoure.

I ſee the hall now, Childe Waters,
Of red gold ſhines the yate;
God give you joy nowe of yourſelfe,
And of your worthy mate.

I ſee the hall now, Childe Waters,
Of red gold ſhines the towre:
God give you good now of yourſelfe,
And of your paramoure.

There twenty-four fayre ladyes were,
A playing at the ball;
And Ellen, the fayreſt lady there,
Muſt bring his ſteed to the ſtall.

There twenty-four fayre ladyes were,
A playing at the cheſſe;
And Ellen, the fayreſt lady there,
Muſt bring his horſe to graſſe.

And then beſpake Childe Waters ſiſter;
Theſe were the wordes ſayd ſhee;
You have the prettyeſt page, brother,
That ever I did ſee.

But that his bellye it is ſo bigge,
His girdle ſtands ſoe hye;
And ever I pray you, Childe Waters,
Let him in my chamber lye.

It is not fit for a little foot-page,
That has run through moſſe and myre,
To lye in the chamber of any ladye,
That weares ſo rich attyre.

It is more meete for a little foot-page,
That has run through moſſe and myre,
To take his ſupper upon his knee,
And lye by the kitchen fire.

Now when they had ſupped every one,
To bedd they tooke theyr waye:
He ſayd, come hither my little foot-page,
And hearken what I ſaye.

Goe thee downe into yonder towne,
And lowe into the ſtreete;
The fayreſt ladye that thou canſt finde,
Hyre in mine arms to ſleepe:
And take her up in thine armes twaine,
For * filing of her feete.

Ellen is gone into the towne,
And lowe into the ſtreete;
The fayreſt lady that ſhe colde finde,
She hyried in his armes to ſleepe:
And took her up in her armes twaine,
For filing of her feete.

I pray you nowe, good Childe Waters,
Let mee lye at your feete;
For there is noe place about this houſe,
Where I may ſaye a ſleepe.

* *i. e.* Defiling.

He gave her leave, and fayre Ellen
Down at his bed's feete laye:
This done, the night drove on apace;
And when it was neare the daye,

Hee ſayd, riſe up my little foot-page,
Give my ſteede corne and haye;
And give him now the goode black oats,
To carry mee better awaye.

Up then roſe the fayre Ellen,
And gave his ſteede corne and haye;
And ſoe ſhee did the good black oates,
To carry him better awaye.

She leaned her back to the manger ſide,
And grievouſlye did groane;
Shee lean'd her back to the manger ſide,
And there ſhee made her moane.

And that beheard his mother deare,
Shee heard her woefull woe;
Shee ſayd, riſe up, thou Childe Waters,
And into thy ſtable goe:

For in thy ſtable is a ghoſte,
That grievouſlye doth grone;
Or elſe ſome woman laboures with childe,
Shee is ſo woe begone.

Up

Up then roſe Childe Waters ſoone,
And did on his ſhirte of ſilke;
And then he put on his othere clothes,
On his bodye as white as milke.

And when he came to the ſtable dore,
Fall ſtill there hee did ſtand,
That hee might heare his fayre Ellen,
How ſhe made her monand.

Shee ſayd, lullabye, mine owne deare childe,
Lullabye, deare childe, deare;
I wolde thy father were a kinge,
Thy mother layd on a biere.

Peace now, hee ſayd, good fayre Ellen,
Bee of goode cheere, I praye;
And the bridall, and the churchinge bothe
Shall bee upon one daye.

XXXVI.

EARL WALTER.

EARL Walter ſtroked his milk-white ſteed,
His heart with courage beat;
When lo! a damſel—matchleſs fair!
Fell proſtrate at his feet.

Behold, ſhe cried, a ruined maid,
The victim of thy love,
And let thy Ellen's once-praiſed form,
Thy tender pity move.

The dreadful time draws on apace,
That muſt reveal my ſhame,
And can earl Walter then conſent
To murder Ellen's fame?

Ah! wretched infant, doomed to woe
Before thy natal hour,
Diſgrace muſt be thy portion here,
Wronged Ellen's only dower.

The

The gallant youth was inly moved,
But coldly thus replied,
The cure that love perhaps diſclaims,
My juſtice ſhall provide.

From north to ſouth extended wide,
With fields and paſtures fair,
Thoſe plains to thee I freely give;
Beſtow them on thy heir.

By me, ſhe cried, more highly prized,
One kiſs of that dear mouth,
Than all thy rich and fertile plains,
Extending north and ſouth.

One glance of thoſe deluding eyes
More rapture can beſtow,
Than ſhould our monarch quit his throne,
And that to me forego.

No more, fair Ellen, cries the earl,
I can no longer ſtay;
For northward muſt I bend my courſe,
There lies my deſtin'd way.

With thee, earl Walter, let me go,
Thy handmaid will I be;
All perils I with joy can brave,
That much loved face to ſee.

Raſh Ellen! doſt thou know the terms,
On which alone thou goeſt?
To drop each ſoft alluring grace,
Thy ſex's pride and boaſt.

Thoſe auburn locks to cut away,
To caſt thy woman's weed;
All day to follow as my page,
All night to tend my ſteed.

Her auburn locks ſhe cut away,
She caſt her woman's weed,
All day ſhe followed as his page,
Each night ſhe fed his ſteed.

At length a rapid ſtream they find;
Which when Earl Walter viewed,
Thou canſt not, Ellen, follow here—
He ſpoke, and paſſed the flood.

But love, than danger ſtronger far,
Her timid heart upbore;
She ruſh'd at once amid the waves,
And reach'd the farther ſhore.

But ſtill the earl his purpoſe kept,
No pity he confeſt,
Tho' ſtrong fatigue and anxious care
The damſel ſore oppreſt.

Thy

Thy languid eyelids, Ellen, raiſe,
And view yon princely bower;
There pleaſure holds his revel reign,
And marks each paſſing hour.

There dwells a maid more fair than morn,
Than ſummer ſuns more bright;
That maiden is my plighted love,
My joy and ſole delight.

Sad Ellen mildly anſwered thus,
May every bliſs betide,
And ſtill encreaſing rapture wait
Earl Walter and his bride!

The princely bower they enter ſoon,
And hail the glittering train;
Earl Walter courts each lovely nymph
Nor heeds his Ellen's pain.

His ſiſter with ſuperior grace
Shone far above the reſt,
Who when ſhe Ellen's form ſurveyed,
Her wonder thus expreſt.

Ah! whence, my brother, is thy page!
How heavenly fair his face!
What pity that his ſize uncouth
Such beauty ſhould diſgrace.

But let the boy on me attend,
In my apartment wait;
My care ſhall ſooth his gentle mind,
And mend his preſent ſtate.

Too great for him that honor were,
A youth of low degree,
Enough diſtinguiſhed as my page,
On foot to follow me.

Now midnight cloſing every eye,
Left Ellen free to weep,
But with the morn the earl aroſe,
And broke the bands of ſleep.

Awake! awake! thou ſlothful page,
'Tis dawn of breaking day,
Bring forth in haſte my milk-white ſteed,
I muſt from hence away.

But ere her lord could be obey'd,
Uncall'd Lucina came,
And to ſad Ellen's other woes,
She adds a mother's name.

Now burſt their way the heart-felt groans
Now falls the trickling tear,
Till thro' the high reſounding dome,
They reach earl Walter's ear.

With eager ſteps he ſought the place,
Then made a fearful pauſe,
While broken accents breathed in ſighs,
Reveal the fatal cauſe.

Lie ſtill, thou pledge of hapleſs love,
Lie ſtill, my infant dear;
I would thy father were a king,
Thy mother on a bier!

Enough had now the lover heard,
He claſps her in his arms,
Look up my miſtreſs, friend, and wife,
Revive thy drooping charms.

Thy trial now is fairly paſt,
Thou firſt of woman kind;
Thy form, tho' caſt in beauty's mould,
Enſhrines a hero's mind.

And doſt thou know at length my heart?
Then have I well been tried;
I only liv'd to prove my faith:—
She graſped his hand, and died.

XXXVII.

XXXVII.

EDWIN AND ETHELINDE.

ONE parting kiſs, my Ethelinde,
Young Edwin fault'ring cried,
I hear thy father's haſty tread,
Nor longer muſt I bide.

To-morrow's eve, in yonder wood,
Beneath the well-known tree,
Say, wilt thou meet thine own true love,
Whoſe heart's delight's in thee.

She claſp'd the dear beloved youth
And ſigh'd, and dropt a tear,
Whate'er betide, my only love,
I'll ſurely meet thee there.

They kiſs, they part, a liſt'ning page,
To malice ever bent,
O'erheard their talk, and to his lord
Reveal'd their fond intent.

The baron's brow grew dark with frowns,
And rage diſtain'd his cheek,
Heavens! ſhall a vaſſal ſhepherd dare
My daughter's love to ſeek.

But know, raſh boy, thy bold attempt
Full ſorely ſhalt thou rue:
Nor e'er again, ignoble maid,
Shalt thou thy lover view.

The dews of evening faſt did fall,
And darkneſs ſpread apace,
When Ethelinde, with weeping breaſt,
Flew to th' appointed place.

With eager eye ſhe looks around,
No Edwin there was ſeen;
He was not wont to break his faith,
What can his abſence mean?

Her heart beat thick at every noiſe,
Each ruſtling thro' the wood,
And now, ſhe travers'd quick the ground,
And now, ſhe liſtening ſtood.

Enlivening hope, and chilling fear,
By turns her boſom ſhare.
And now, ſhe calls upon his name,
Now, weeps in ſad deſpair.

Mean time the day's laſt glimmering fled,
And black'ning all the ſky,
A hideous tempeſt dreadful roſe,
And thunders roll'd on high.

Poor Ethelinde, aghaſt, diſmay'd,
Beholds with wild affright
The threat'ning ſky, the lonely wood,
And horrors of the night.

Where art thou now, my Edwin dear,
Thy friendly aid I want;
Ah me! my boding heart foretells
That aid thou canſt not grant.

Thus rack'd with pangs, and beat with ſtorms,
Confus'd and loſt ſhe roves,
Now looks to heaven with earneſt prayer
Now calls on him ſhe loves.

At length, a diſtant taper's ray
Struck beaming on her ſight,
Thro' brakes ſhe guides her fainting ſteps
Towards the welcome light.

An aged hermit peaceful dwelt
In this ſequeſter'd wild,
Calm goodneſs ſat upon his brow,
His words were ſoft and mild.

He

He op'd his hoſpitable door,
And much admiring view'd
The tender virgin's graceful form
Daſh'd by the tempeſt rude.

Welcome, fair maid, whoe'er thou art,
To this warm ſhelter'd cell;
Here reſt ſecure thy wearied feet;
Here peace and ſafety dwell.

He ſaw the heart-wrung ſtarting tear,
And gently ſought to know,
With kindeſt pity's ſoothing looks,
The ſtory of her woe.

Scarce had ſhe told her mournful tale,
When ſtruck with dread, they hear
Voices confus'd, with dying groans,
The cell approaching near.

Help, father, help, they loudly cry,
A wretch here bleeds to death;
Some cordial balſam quickly give,
To ſtay his parting breath.

All deadly pale they lay him down,
And gaſh'd with many a wound,
When, woeful ſight, 'twas Edwin's ſelf,
Lay bleeding on the ground.

With frantick grief poor Ethelinde
Beſide his body falls,
Lift up thy eyes, my Edwin dear,
'Tis Ethelinde that calls.

That much-lov'd ſound recalls his life,
He lifts his cloſing eyes,
And feebly murmuring out her name,
He gaſps, he faints, he dies.

Stupid a while, in dumb deſpair,
She gaz'd on Edwin dead,
Dim grew her eyes, her lips turn'd pale,
And life's warm ſpirit fled.

XXXVIII.

DAMON AND CHLOE.

In imitation of Margaret's Ghoſt.

YOUNG Damon was the blytheſt lad,
Ah, who ſo blythe as he?
And Chloe was the blytheſt maid,
Ah, who ſo blythe as ſhe?

Her

Her voice ſhe rais'd with merry ſong,
All in the greenwood ſhade,
The nymphs and ſhepherds trip along,
To hear the vocal maid.

She ſings of grots, and cooling ſprings,
The plain and ſhady grove;
Of hills and dales the virgin ſings,
But never ſings of love.

Her nights in eaſe, her days in joy,
She ſpends; ſecure her heart
From Cupid's wiles; ſhe ſcorn'd the boy,
And laugh'd at all his art.

But mark the dire reverſe of fate,
Each nymph, and ſhepherd ſwain,
Young Damon comes, a youth compleat,
The pride of ev'ry plain.

And he would ſing ſo ſoft a lay,
He well might love inſpire;
And when he ſung, ah, well-a-day!
How would the maid admire!

And he was ſtraight, and he was tall,
All ſwains he did excel;
The maidens lov'd him one and all,
But Chloe lov'd him well.

And he was ſkill'd in herbs and flow'rs,
The lenient balms impart;
But oh, what herbs, ye pitying pow'rs,
Can heal poor Chloe's heart.

With haſty ſtep ſhe flies the plain,
And ſeeks the diſtant grove;
Poor Chloe never told her pain,
She never told her love:

But pin'd away in diſcontent,
And never ſought relief;
Like patience on a monument,
She ſat and ſmil'd at grief.

Concealment like a worm i' th' bud,
Fed on her damaſk cheek;
The ſilent tear ran trickling down,
She ſigh'd, but would not ſpeak.

But ſoon, too ſoon the ſhepherd hies;
Ah! me, poor Chloe's heart!
Her ſwelling breaſt, and wat'ry eyes,
Betray the hidden ſmart.

Have you not ſeen the roſe new blown,
All in a ſummer's day,
Expand her beauties to the ſun,
And welcome ev'ry ray?

And when at eve her lover goes
To gild ſome happier mead,
Have you not ſeen the widow'd roſe
Recline her dewy head?

Such Chloe once, ſuch Chloe now;
Ah! Chloe ceaſe to weep!
Damon, for you her ſorrows flow;
Pale hangs her trembling lip.

And now full heavy hangs her head,
How chang'd, ah! well-a-day!
Now every ſprightly charm is fled,
For Damon's gone away.

How penſive thro' the lonely vale,
She takes her ſilent way,
To breathe the fragrance of the gale,
And hear the vernal lay.

But ah! too wretched and forlorn,
She heedleſs moves along;
Unfelt the breeze that ſcents the morn,
Unheard the vernal ſong.

Her ſpeech is ſad, and ſad her brow,
Her ſinking ſpirits fail;
On her wan cheek no roſes blow,
Her lips wax wond'rous pale.

High heaves her heart with many a ſigh,
Faſt falls the frequent tear:
Low bent to earth her ſtreaming eye,
For Damon was not there.

With feeble voice her plaintive ſong
She ſtrives in vain to raiſe,
Her lyre upon a willow hung,
That murmurs to the breeze.

And thrice her boſom heav'd a ſigh,
And thrice ſhe dropt a tear,
And thrice ſhe rais'd a mournful cry,
For Damon was not there.

XXXIX.

LORD GEORGE AND LADY DOROTHY.

In imitation of William and Margaret. By a lady of quality.

——— "*Foul deeds will riſe,*
"*Tho' all the earth o'erwhelm them from mens eyes.*"
HAMLET.

Although

Although the principal circumſtances in this ballad are ſaid to have had a foundation in fact; yet we are totally unable to point out the parties who are alluded to in it, or even the time in which it was written. In this uncertainty we cannot but ſuſpect the whole to be a mere fiction, and for the credit of human nature, as much a work of imagination as the ballad which it profeſſes to be an imitation of.

WHEN all was wrapt in ſable night,
And nature ſought repoſe,
Forth from its grave the reſtleſs ſprite
Of Dorothy aroſe.

Her face was all beſet with woe,
Her cheeks were wan with care,
Her eyes were parch'd and ſunk with grief,
That once ſo radiant were.

With ſolemn pace and awful gloom,
And train with ſorrow hung,
She wander'd to that fatal room
From whence her ſorrows ſprung.

And thrice ſhe gave a piteous groan,
And all unfurl'd her ſhroud,
And thrice ſhe ſadly ſhook her head,
And thus beſpoke aloud:

Oh George, thou author of this ſcene,
Thy downy dreams forſake;
'Tis injur'd Dorothy that calls,
Injurious George awake.

Awake and hear that breathleſs voice,
Which thy upbraidings brought,
Awake and ſee that dreadful ſhade,
Which thy ill treatment wrought.

Behold this babe, this embrio babe,
That ſcarce has learn'd to live;
Say, monſter, why did you deſtroy
That life you ſought to give?

* The means were horrid as thy ſoul,
The will was work divine;
That nought from me might ever grieve,
To be a work of thine.

See what a havock thou haſt made,
Vile pillager of time,
To blaſt the fruits that nature gave,
Before their ſummer prime.

* By being frequently hurried about in a coach, and as often over-walked, ſhe miſcarried, when five months gone with child, and died the next day.

How

How cou'd you, (none but you could do)
Cut off my morn ſo ſoon,
And let my laſting night come on
Before its perfect noon?

How could you vow a lover's heart,
And yet that vow forſake?
How could you win a virgin's heart,
Yet cauſe that heart to break?

How could you to the prying world
Profeſs ſuch ſhow of joy,
Yet by your cruel deeds to me
Theſe gilded words deſtroy?

How have I ſtrove in others' eyes
To be all chearful ſeen,
When by your wounding words my heart
Was bleeding all within?

How have I on my bended knees
Implored your will to know?
What have I not, to pleaſe that will,
Reſolved to undergo?

Why left I all that held one dear,
(O dire decrees of fate!)
Why gave I pure untainted love
For undeſerved hate?

When

When you was abſent from my ſight
How reſtleſs have I been!
When you appear'd what joys I felt,
Yet none in you were ſeen!

Wherein had nature wrought amiſs,
Or what had art defil'd?
Nor time had any furrows made,
Or any feature ſpoil'd.

My face as other faces fair,
And I as others kind;
Nor faulty more my eyes than yours,
The fault was in thy mind.

There grew the beam that overcaſt
The gifts which I poſſeſt;
There lodg'd thoſe ſavage poiſon'd ſhafts,
That pierc'd my bleeding breaſt.

Why did you, baſe diſſembling man,
Such treacherous ills impart?
To me——you only gave your hand,
To others——gave your heart.

Why was I, wretched, ſingled out,
To ſkreen your deathleſs ſhame;
Why was a falſe-one deem'd as wife,
While I but bore the name?

With

With her you ſpent thoſe pleaſing hours,
That did to me belong,
She in your eyes did all things right,
While I did all things wrong.

Why for theſe ſufferings was I born,
Perfidious! tell me why,
Ere I beheld thy faithleſs face,
Why ſuffered not to die?

Nor laws nor human nor divine,
Could ſtop thy brutal will;
Think on thy abſent brother's wife,
Thy brother's widow ſtill.

Still thou enjoy'ſt that guilty dame,
In rank inceſtuous bed;
Think where will lodge thy guilty ſoul,
When from thy body fled.

Think on the deadly deeds you've done,
Think on the fatal change;
Thy crimes riſe higher in account
Than juſtice can avenge.

May ſpectres ſtare thee in the face,
May horrors guard thee round!
May conſcience on thy footſteps tread,
And all thy thoughts confound.

May Egypt's plagues diſturb thy reſt,
And every loath'd diſeaſe;
Till thou haſt all my wrongs redreſt,
May all theſe plagues increaſe.

And may the partners of thy joys
Be partners of thy pain;
Till they have all my ſorrows felt,
May pleaſures be their bane.

And ſoft, the glow-worm calls me hence,
And ere it call on thee;
Atone for every black offence
Farewel—remember me.

XI.

XL.

EDWIN AND EMMA.

By Mr. Mallet.

On the publication of this ballad, in the year 1760, *Mr. Mallet ſubjoined an atteſtation of the truth of the facts related in it, which we ſhall give the reader literally:*

Extract of a letter from the curate of Bowes in Yorkſhire, on the ſubject of the preceding poem, to Mr. Copperthwaite at Marrick.

" *Worthy ſir,*

" *As to the affair mentioned in yours; it happened long* " *before my time. I have therefore been obliged to conſult* " *my clerk, and another perſon in the neighbourhood for the* " *truth of that melancholy event. The hiſtory of it is as fol-* " *lows:*

" *The family-name of the young man was Wrightſon;* " *of the young maiden Railton. They were both much of the* " *ſame age; that is, growing up to twenty. In their birth* " *was no diſparity; but in fortune, alas! ſhe was his in-* " *ferior. His father, a hard old man, who had by his toil* " *acquired a handſome competency, expected and required* " *that his ſon ſhould marry ſuitably. But, as amor vincit* " *omnia, his heart was unalterably fixed on the pretty young*

" creature already named. Their courtſhip, which was all " by ſtealth, unknown to the family, continued about a " year. When it was found out, old Wrightſon, his wife, " and particularly their crooked daughter Hannah, flouted at " the maiden, and treated her with notable contempt: for " they held it as a maxim, and a ruſtic one it is, that blood " was nothing without groats.

" The young lover ſickened, and took to his bed about " Shrove-tueſday, and died the Sunday ſevennight after.

" On the laſt day of his illneſs, he deſired to ſee his miſ- " treſs: ſhe was civilly received by the mother, who bid " her welcome—when it was too late. But her daughter " Hannah lay at his back to cut them off from all oppor- " tunity of exchanging their thoughts.

" At her return home, on hearing the bell toll out for his " departure, ſhe ſcreamed aloud that her heart was burſt, " and expired ſome moments after.

*" The then curate of * Bowes inſerted it in his regiſter, " that they both died of love, and were buried in the ſame " grave, March* 15, 1714. *I am,*

" Dear ſir,

" Yours, &c."

FAR in the windings of a vale,
Faſt by a ſheltering wood,
The ſafe retreat of health and peace,
An humble cottage ſtood.

* Bowes is a ſmall village in Yorkſhire, where in former ages the earls of Richmond had a caſtle. It ſtands on the edge of that vaſt and mountainous tract, named by the neighbouring people Stanemore; which is always expoſed to wind and weather, deſolate and ſolitary throughout. Camd. Brit.

There

There beauteous Emma flouriſh'd fair,
Beneath a mother's eye;
Whoſe only wiſh on earth was now
To ſee her bleſt, and die.

The ſofteſt bluſh that nature ſpreads
Gave colour to her cheek:
Such orient colour ſmiles thro' heaven
When May's ſweet mornings break.

Nor let the pride of great ones ſcorn
This charmer of the plains:
That ſun who bids their diamond blaze,
To paint our lily deigns.

Long had ſhe fill'd each youth with love,
Each maiden with deſpair;
And tho' by all a wonder own'd,
Yet knew not ſhe was fair.

Till Edwin came, the pride of ſwains,
A ſoul that knew no art;
And from whoſe eye, ſerenely mild,
Shone forth the feeling heart.

A mutual flame was quickly caught;
Was quickly too reveal'd:
For neither boſom lodg'd a wiſh,
That virtue keeps conceal'd.

What

What happy hours of home-felt bliſs
Did love on both beſtow!
But bliſs too mighty long to laſt,
Where fortune proves a foe.

His ſiſter, who, like Envy form'd,
Like her in miſchief joy'd,
To work them harm, with wicked ſkill,
Each darker art employ'd.

The father too, a ſordid man,
Who love nor pity knew,
Was all-unfeeling as the clod,
From whence his riches grew.

Long had he ſeen their ſecret flame,
And ſeen it long unmov'd:
Then with a father's frown at laſt
Had ſternly diſapprov'd.

In Edwin's gentle heart, a war
Of different paſſions ſtrove:
His heart, that durſt not diſobey,
Yet could not ceaſe to love.

Deny'd her ſight, he oft behind
The ſpreading hawthorn crept,
To ſnatch a glance, to mark the ſpot
Where Emma walk'd and wept.

Oft too on Stanemore's wintry waſte,
Beneath the moonlight-ſhade,
In ſighs to pour his ſoften'd ſoul,
The midnight-mourner ſtray'd.

His cheek, where health with beauty glow'd,
A deadly pale o'ercaſt:
So fades the freſh roſe in its prime,
Before the northern blaſt.

The parents now, with late remorſe,
Hung o'er his dying bed;
And weary'd heaven with fruitleſs vows,
And fruitleſs ſorrow ſhed.

'Tis paſt! he cry'd—but if your ſouls
Sweet mercy yet can move,
Let theſe dim eyes once more behold,
What they muſt ever love!

She came; his cold hand ſoftly touch'd,
And bath'd with many a tear:
Faſt-falling o'er the primroſe pale,
So morning-dews appear.

But oh! his ſiſter's jealous care
A cruel ſiſter ſhe!
Forbade what Emma came to ſay;
My Edwin live for me.

Now homeward as ſhe hopeleſs wept
The church-yard path along,
The blaſt blew cold, the dark owl ſcream'd
Her lover's funeral ſong.

Amid the falling gloom of night,
Her ſtartling fancy found
In every buſh his hovering ſhade,
His groan in every ſound.

Alone, appall'd, thus had ſhe paſt
The viſionary vale—
When lo! the death-bell ſmote her ear,
Sad-ſounding in the gale!

Juſt then ſhe reach'd, with trembling ſtep,
Her aged mother's door—
He's gone! ſhe cry'd; and I ſhall ſee
That angel-face no more!

I feel, I feel this breaking heart
Beat high againſt my ſide—
From her white arm down ſunk her head;
She ſhivering ſigh'd, and died.

XLI.

THE HERMIT.

By Dr. Goldſmith.

TURN, gentle hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way
To where yon taper chears the vale
With hoſpitable ray.

For here, forlorn and loſt I tread,
With fainting ſteps and ſlow,
Where wilds immeaſurably ſpread
Seem length'ning as I go.

Forbear, my ſon, the hermit cries,
To tempt the dang'rous gloom,
For yonder faithleſs phantom flies
To lure thee to thy doom.

Here to the houſeleſs child of want
My door is open ſtill;
And tho' my portion is but ſcant,
I give it with good will:

Then turn to-night, and freely ſhare
Whate'er my cell beſtows;
My ruſhy couch, and frugal fare,
My bleſſing, and repoſe.

No flocks that range the valley free
To ſlaughter I condemn;
Taught by that power that pities me,
I learn to pity them:

But from the mountain's graſſy ſide
A guiltleſs feaſt I bring:
A ſcrip with herbs and fruits ſupply'd,
And water from the ſpring.

Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego;
All earth-born cares are wrong:
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.

Soft as the dew from heaven deſcends,
His gentle accents fell;
The modeſt ſtranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderneſs obſcure
The lonely manſion lay,
A refuge to the neighb'ring poor,
And ſtrangers led aſtray.

No

No ſtores beneath its humble thatch
Requir'd a maſter's care;
The wicket op'ning with a latch
Receiv'd the harmleſs pair.

And now when buſy crowds retire
To take their evening reſt,
The hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And chear'd his penſive gueſt;

And ſpread his vegetable ſtore,
And gaily preſt, and ſmil'd,
And, ſkill'd in legendary lore,
The ling'ring hours beguil'd.

Around in ſympathetic mirth
Its tricks the kitten tries,
The cricket chirrups in the hearth,
The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart,
To ſoothe the ſtranger's woe;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His riſing cares the hermit ſpy'd,
With anſw'ring care oppreſt:
And whence, unhappy youth, he cry'd,
The ſorrows of thy breaſt?

From better habitations ſpurn'd,
Reluctant doſt thou rove?
Or grieve for friendſhip unreturn'd,
Or unregarded love?

Alas! the joys that fortune brings
Are trifling, and decay;
And thoſe who prize the paltry things
More trifling ſtill than they.

And what is friendſhip but a name,
A charm that lulls to ſleep,
A ſhade that follows wealth or fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep?

And love is ſtill an emptier ſound,
The modern fair one's jeſt,
On earth unſeen, or only found
To warm the turtle's neſt.

For ſhame, fond youth, thy ſorrows huſh,
And ſpurn the ſex, he ſaid:
But while he ſpoke, a riſing bluſh
His love-lorn gueſt betray'd.

Surpris'd he ſees new beauties riſe,
Swift mantling to the view,
Like colours o'er the morning ſkies,
As bright, as tranſient too.

The

The baſhful look, the riſing breaſt,
Alternate ſpread alarms,
The lovely ſtranger ſtands confeſt
A maid in all her charms.

And ah! forgive a ſtranger rude,
A wretch forlorn, ſhe cry'd,
Whoſe feet unhallow'd thus intrude
Where heaven and you reſide.

But let a maid thy pity ſhare,
Whom love has taught to ſtray;
Who ſeeks for reſt, but finds Deſpair
Companion of her way.

My father liv'd beſide the Tyne,
A wealthy lord was he;
And all his wealth was mark'd as mine;
He had but only me.

To win me from his tender arms
Unnumber'd ſuitors came;
Who prais'd me for imputed charms,
And felt or feign'd a flame.

Each hour a mercenary crowd
With richeſt proffers ſtrove;
Among the reſt young Edwin bow'd,
But never talk'd of love.

In humble ſimpleſt habit clad,
No wealth or power had he;
Wiſdom and worth were all he had;
But theſe were all to me.

The bloſſom opening to the day
The dews of heaven refin'd,
Could nought of purity diſplay
To emulate his mind.

The dew, the bloſſoms of the tree,
With charms inconſtant ſhine;
Their charms were his, but woe to me,
Their conſtancy was mine.

For ſtill I try'd each fickle art,
Importunate and vain;
And while his paſſion touch'd my heart
I triumph'd in his pain;

Till quite dejected with my ſcorn,
He left me to my pride,
And ſought a ſolitude forlorn
In ſecret, where he died.

But mine the ſorrow, mine the fault,
And well my life ſhall pay,
I'll ſeek the ſolitude he ſought,
And ſtretch me where he lay—

And there forlorn, deſpairing hid,
I'll lay me down and die;
'T'was ſo for me that Edwin did,
And ſo for him will I.

Forbid it, heaven! the hermit cry'd,
And claſp'd her to his breaſt;
The wond'ring fair-one turn'd to chide;
'Twas Edwin's ſelf that preſt.

Turn, Angelina, ever dear;
My charmer, turn to ſee
Thy own, thy long-loſt Edwin here,
Reſtor'd to love and thee.

Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And every care reſign;
And ſhall we never, never part,
My life—my all that's mine?

No, never, from this hour to part,
We'll live and love ſo true;
The ſigh that rends thy conſtant heart,
Shall break thy Edwin's too.

XLII.

MATILDA.

By Mr. Jerningham.

OUTRAGEOUS did the loud wind blow,
Acroſs the ſounding main!
The veſſel toſſing to and fro,
Cou'd ſcarce the ſtorm ſuſtain.

Matilda to her fearful breaſt
Held cloſe her infant dear;
His preſence all her fears encreas'd,
And wak'd the tender tear.

Now nearer to the grateful ſhore,
The ſhatter'd veſſel drew:
The daring waves now ceaſe to roar,
Now ſhout th' exulting crew.

Matilda with a mother's joy
Gave thanks to heaven's pow'r:
How fervent ſhe embrac'd her boy!
How bleſt the ſaving hour!

Oh

Oh much deceiv'd and hapleſs fair!
Tho' ceas'd the waves to roar,
Thou from that fatal moment ne'er
Did'ſt taſte of pleaſure more.

For ſtepping forth from off the deck,
To reach the welcome ground;
The babe unclaſping from her neck,
Plung'd in the gulph profound.

Amazement-chain'd! her haggard eye
Gave not a tear to flow;
Her boſom heav'd no conſcious ſigh;
She ſtood a ſculptur'd woe.

To ſnatch the child from inſtant death,
Some brav'd the threat'ning main;
And to recal his fleeting breath,
Try'd ev'ry art in vain.

But when the corſe firſt met her view,
Stretch'd on the pebbly ſtrand:
Awak'ning from her trance ſhe flew,
And pierc'd th' oppoſing band:

With treſſes diſcompos'd and rude,
Fell proſtrate on the ground;
To th' infant's lips her lips ſhe glued,
And ſorrow burſt its bound.

Upriſing

Uprising now with frantic air,
To the wide-circling crowd,
Who, pity-struck, partook her care,
She thus discours'd aloud:

Heard ye the helpless infant weep!
Saw ye the mother bold!
How as she flung him in the deep,
The billows o'er him roll'd.

May beak'd remorse her bosom tear,
Despair her mind up-plough!
Its angry arm let justice rear,
To dash her impious brow.

But soft, awhile—see there he lies,
Embalm'd in infant sleep:
Why fall the dew-drops from your eyes,
What cause is here to weep!

Yes, yes! his little life is fled;
His heaveless breast is cold;
What tears will not thy mother shed,
When thy sad tale is told!

Ah me! that cheek of livid hue,
If much I do not err!
Those lips where late the roses blew,
All, all, my son declare.

Strange horrors chill my ev'ry vein,
A voice confus'd and wild,
Whiſpers to this diſtracted brain,
Matilda ſlew her child.

She added not—but ſunk oppreſs'd—
Death on her eye-lids ſtole:
While from her much-afflicted breaſt
She ſigh'd her troubled ſoul.

XLIII.

ALISIA.

By the ſame.

TO yon dark grove Aliſia flew,
Juſt at th' appointed hour,
To meet the youth whoſe boſom true
Confeſs'd her beauty's pow'r.

All that fair virtue cou'd beſtow,
Or fairer virtue give,
Did on his face unrival'd glow,
And in his boſom live.

But not the charm of beauty's flow'r,
Or virtue's fairer charm,
Could in her father's ſoul the pow'r
Of avarice diſarm.

He

He bade the youth his manſion fly,
And ſcorn'd his ardent vow:
And when the tears flow'd from his eye,
He bade them faſter flow.

Aliſia with a bleeding mind
Beheld the injur'd youth;
And vow'd in holy wedlock join'd,
To crown at length his truth.

As ſhe forſook her native ſeat,
Farewell, ye fields ſo fair;
May bleſſings ſtill my father meet!
She ſaid—and dropt a tear.

Th' oppreſſion of a parent's hand,
A parent dead to ſhame,
In her meek breaſt by virtue fann'd,
Ne'er quench'd the filial flame.

Now ſafe ſhe reach'd th' appointed ground,
Tho' love was all her guide;
But abſent when the youth ſhe found,
She look'd around and ſigh'd.

Each breeze that ruſtled o'er the tree,
Sooth'd for a ſpace her ſmart;
She fondly cried—Oh that is he!
While patted faſt her heart.

The pleaſing images of hope,
Night's terrors now deform;
While on her mind dear ſceneries ope,
And raiſe the mental ſtorm.

On ſome rude ſtone ſhe bow'd her head,
All helpleſs and forlorn;
Now ſtarting from her rugged bed,
She wiſh'd the ling'ring morn.

With heavy heart I now unfold
What th' abſent youth befell;
Who fierce beſet by ruffians bold,
Oppreſs'd with numbers fell:

At length the morn diſclos'd its ray,
And calm'd Aliſia's fear;
She reſtleſs took her various way,
Diſtracted, here and there.

Thus as ſhe wander'd, wretched maid,
To mis'ry doom'd! ſhe found
A naked corſe along the ſhade,
And gaſh'd with many a wound.

Struck to the ſoul at this dread ſcene,
All motionleſs ſhe ſtood!
To view the raven, bird obſcene!
Drink up the clotting blood.

What horrors did her breaſt invade,
When as ſhe nearer drew?
The features that the raven fed,
Her lover gave to view.

With ſhrieks ſhe rent th' affrighted air;
To tears had fond recourſe;
With frantic hand now tore her hair,
Now ſunk upon the corſe.

Then throwing round a troubled glance,
With madneſs' ray inflam'd;
Beheld ſome travellers advance,
To whom ſhe thus exclaim'd:

Ye baſe inhuman train, away!
What urg'd you to this deed?
You've turn'd my gentle love to clay,
And bade me ſorrow wed.

Hark, hark! the raven flaps her wings—
She drinks his blood again—
Ah! now ſhe feeds on my heart-ſtrings—
Oh Jeſu! ſoothe my pain.

This ſcene of woe what cou'd create
The travellers admir'd;
While ſhrinking at the blow of fate,
She with a groan expir'd.

XLIV.

ALLEN AND ELLA.

ON the banks of that cryſtalline ſtream
Where Thames oft' his current delays;
And charms, more than poets can dream,
In his Richmond's bright villa ſurveys;

Fair Ella! of all the gay throng
The faireſt that Nature had ſeen,
Now drew every village along,
From the day ſhe firſt danc'd on the green.

Ah! boaſt not of beauty's fond power,
For ſhort is the triumph, ye fair!
Not fleeter the bloom of each flower;
And hope is but gilded deſpair.

His affection each ſwain now, behold,
By riches endeavours to prove!
But Ella ſtill cries, What is gold,
Or wealth, when compar'd to his love?

Yes! Allen, together we'll wield
Our ſickles in ſummer's bright day;
Together we 'll leaſe o'er the field,
And ſmile all our labours away:

In winter! I'll winnow the wheat
As it falls from thy flail on the ground;
That flail will be muſic as ſweet
When thy voice in the labour is drown'd.

How oft' would he ſpeak of his bliſs!
How oft' would he call her his maid!
And Allen would ſeal with a kiſs
Every promiſe and vow that he ſaid.

But, hark, o'er the graſs-level * land,
The village-bells ſound on the plain;
Falſe Allen! this morn gave his hand,
And Ella's fond tears are in vain.

Sad Ella, too ſoon, heard the tale!
Too ſoon the ſad cauſe ſhe was told!
That his was a nymph of the vale:
That he broke his fond promiſe for gold.

As ſhe walk'd by the margin ſo green,
Which befringes the ſweet river's ſide,
How oft' was ſhe languiſhing ſeen!
How oft' would ſhe gaze on the tide!

* The village of Peterſham.

By

By the clear river, then as ſhe ſate,
Which reflected herſelf and the mead;
Awhile ſhe bewept her ſad fate,
And the green turf ſtill pillow'd her head.

There, there! is it Ella, I ſee?
'Tis Ella, the loſt, undone maid!
Ah! no, 'tis ſome Ella, like me,
Some haplefs young virgin betray'd!

Like me! ſhe has ſorrow'd and wept;
Like me! ſhe has fondly believ'd;
Like me! her true promiſe ſhe kept,
And, like me too, is juſtly deceiv'd.

I come, dear companion in grief!
Gay ſcenes and fond pleaſures, adieu!
I come! and we'll gather relief
From boſoms ſo chaſte and ſo true!

Like you! I have mourn'd the long night,
And wept out the day in deſpair!
Like you! I have baniſh'd delight,
And boſom'd a friend in my care.

Ye meadows! ſo lovely, farewel,
Your velvet, ſtill Allen ſhall tread!
All deaf to the ſound of that knell
Which tolls for his Ella when dead.

Your wiſh will, too ſure be obey'd;
Nor Allen her loſs ſhall bemoan!
Soon ſoon, ſhall poor Ella be laid
Where her heart ſhall be cold as your own.

Then twin'd in the arms of that fair,
Whoſe wealth has been Ella's ſad fate:
As, together, ye draw the free air,
And a thouſand dear pleaſures relate:

If chance, o'er my turf, as ye tread,
Ye dare to affect a fond ſigh!
The primroſe will ſhrink her pale head,
And the violet languiſh and die.

Ah! weep not, fond maid! 'tis in vain;
Like the tears which you lend to the ſtream;
Tears! are loſt in that watery plain;
And your ſighs are ſtill loſt upon him.

Scarce! echo had gather'd the ſound,
But ſhe plung'd from her graſs-ſpringing bed:
The liquid ſtream parts to the ground,
And the mirror clos'd over her head.

The ſwains of the village at eve,
Oft' met at the dark-ſpreading yew;
There wonder how man could deceive
A boſom ſo chaſte and ſo true.

With garlands, of every flower,
(Which Ella herſelf ſhould have made)
They raiſe up a ſhort-living bower;
And, ſighing! cry, Peace to her ſhade.

Then! hand-lock'd-in-hand, as they move
The green-plotting hillock around:
They talk of poor Ella, and love;
And freſhen, with tears, the fair ground.

Nay, wiſh they had never been born,
Or liv'd the ſad moment to view!
When her Allen could thus be forſworn,
And his Ella could ſtill be ſo true.

XLV.

COLIN AND NANCY.

By T. P. Esq.

FOR daring feats of ruſtic ſport,
And carolling his am'rous ſtrains,
In Aram's vale was Colin fam'd
The blytheſt ſhepherd of the plains.

Full oft' has Lune reſtrain'd his rage,
And ſlowly roll'd his flood along,
As liſt'ning to the tuneful ſwain,
To catch the cadence of his ſong.

Ah ruthleſs ſtream of ſemblance falſe!
Thy waters murmur'd to betray.
Hyenas thus, by nature fell,
Seem plaintive to allure their prey.

What time the flocks were ſafely penn'd,
And mild the day's laſt luſtre grew,
To join the playful village youth,
Acroſs the plain young Colin flew.

Thrice

Thrice from a wych-elm's withered bough
A raven gave a boding croak;
And thrice in anſwer, ſcreech'd an owl,
From the deep hollow of an oak.

Yet all in vain! the ill-omen'd youth
On the cliff's ſummit naked ſtood,
The ſwains attention proudly claim'd,
Then headlong plung'd into the flood.

Weep every naiad of the ſtream!
Daſh'd on a rock, he groaning dy'd,
And with a luckleſs lover's blood
Polluted is your ſilver tide!

Soon as the village heard the tale,
Faſt to the river's ſide they fled—
Alas! alas the day they cry'd,
And many a piteous tear they ſhed.

But Nancy, Doran's daughter fair,
Her bloom the bluſh of morn outvies;
Her ſong excels the linnet's lay,
Like dew-drops gliſt'ning are her eyes.

When her pale lover ſhe beheld!—
Herſelf as pale!—in deep deſpair
And ſilent woe, her hands ſhe wrung,
And wildly rent her lovely hair.

And muſt we thus—(ſhe, frantic, ſaid)
Thus muſt we ſolemnize our vows!—
Yet ſhall not death my hopes bereave,
For, ev'n in death, I thee eſpouſe!

Then on his clay-cold corſe ſhe fell,
And claſp'd it to her breaking heart,
And dying, ſigh'd, I now am thine,
My Colin! never more to part!

Like two young roſes on a ſtem,
Lopt by the pruner's hook away,
Ere half their luſtre was diſclos'd,
In with'ring bloom the lovers lay.

One grave receiv'd them; where is found
The primroſe and the vi'let pale:
And long their hapleſs fate was wept
By ev'ry eye in Aram's vale.

XLVI.

WILLIAM AND FANNY.

By J. Robertſon.

BRIGHT' was the morn, the landſcape gay,
Onward young William rode;
Joyful the village to behold,
His Fanny's loved abode.

Unlike his former ſelf he came,
In ſure diſguiſe array'd;
With unlook'd joy hoping to bleſs
His dear, his conſtant maid.

In warblings ſweet from every ſpray,
The feather'd choir combine;
While Love and Hope in William's breaſt,
The happy concert join.

No magpye, no harſh raven's note,
Siniſter boding ſound,
But thro' the air, Muſic and Love,
Bleſt omens! float around.

The

The village opening to his view,
His fluttering pulſe beat high,
Whilſt tears, from Joy's rich fountain drawn,
Beam'd ſparkling in his eye.

Soon ſhall theſe eyes again, thank heaven,
Her angel-form behold;
Soon ſhall theſe wiſhing arms again,
My lovely maid infold.

He ſaid; when lo, in ſable guiſe,
From forth the church-yard way,
A ſilent train with down-caſt eyes,
Death's banners wide diſplay.

The ſlow-tongu'd bell, with ſolemn toll,
A ſad adieu expreſt;
On ev'ry face a genuine grief,
Full deeply was impreſt.

Fierce as the eagle William dar'd,
When Pride its creſt uprear'd;
Yet melting William as the dove,
Whene'er Diſtreſs appear'd.

To what kind ſoul are theſe ſad rites,
With mournful rev'rence paid?
A grey-hair'd peaſant rais'd his eyes,
And, ſighing, thus he ſaid;

If e'er you've known Love's wondrous pow'r,
The pitying tear prepare,
Yon grave contains the ſweeteſt flow'r,
E'er nipt by cold Deſpair.

Not ſportive lambkin on the down
More lively was than ſhe;
Not lambkin ever cropt the green,
From guileful thoughts more free.

Not apple-bloſſoms in the ſpring,
Cou'd with her beauties vie;
More graceful than the doe her ſhape;
Senſe ſparkled in her eye.

Soft tho' her boſom yet untouch'd
By Love's all-pow'rful flame,
Till a young ſwain of peerleſs worth,
From yon blue uplands came.

The pride of ſwains ſweet William was,
Thus ſhepherds all agree;
A youth ſo manly, gentle, brave,
I ne'er again ſhall ſee.

Each nymph beheld him with delight,
Each ſwain with envious eyes;
Ev'n Envy's ſelf might ſtand excus'd,
When Fanny was the prize.

They ſaw, they lov'd; ſo ſweet a pair
Ne'er grac'd our wond'ring plain,
He ſeem'd by heav'n for her deſign'd;
She for her upland ſwain.

Their parents, friends, with glad accord
Did on their paſſion ſmile;
But Fate with Cruelty high rais'd
Their hopes——but to beguile.

Ah, what is happineſs!——A fly
With tinſel'd wings ſo gay:
Sure of the prize, we ſtretch our hands,
'Tis gone; 'tis loſt for aye.

Heading the needy highland clans,
Onward in threat'ning mood,
Giant Rebellion came——to drench
Our peaceful fields in blood.

To ſave their country, Freedom's ſons
With gen'rous ardour flew;
Never again, oh, may theſe eyes
Such ſcenes of horror view.

Young William's lord, to whom both love
And gratitude were bound,
With William, foremoſt in his train,
In Freedom's ranks were found.

Conqueſt with laurels William crowns,
His worth ev'n foes approve;
But ah!—tho' Conqueſt crowns his arms,
Deſpair awaits his love.

A 'ſquire, for large poſſeſſions fam'd,
Saw Fanny, and ador'd;
For charms like her's might captivate
The heart——ev'n of a lord.

He ſaw, and vows of ardent love,
Impatiently he preſt;
Poor Fanny had no heart to give,
'Twas lodg'd in William's breaſt.

But curſed av'rice, age's bane,
Had froze her father's mind;
She wept, ſhe pray'd; nor pray'rs nor tears
Alas! cou'd pity find.

To feeling deaf, by riches lur'd,
He laid his ſtrict command;
He dragg'd her to the church; he forc'd
Her cold, her heartleſs hand.

Wealth! what is wealth of peace depriv'd?
A glittering pois'nous toy;
The nightſhade's jetty ſhining fruit
Allures, but to deſtroy.

Scarce

Scarce ſeven days gone, ſince Fanny wore
The hated marriage-chain;
And but yeſtreen a broken heart,
Freed Fanny from her pain.

But, Stranger, ſure thoſe looks of your's,
Unuſual feelings ſpeak;
The bridle quits your trembling hands,
The blood forſakes your cheek.

Down dropt poor William like a corſe,
Upon the green-ſward laid;
By pitying peaſants known, he's ſtraight
To friendly roof convey'd.

Reviv'd, heart-rending ſighs and groans,
A fix'd deſpair confeſs;
But Madneſs, ſad relief!—arrives
To lighten his diſtreſs.

When midnight came, from bed eſcap'd,
To Fanny's grave he flew;
There ſtretch'd, he Fanny call'd—and ſoon
To mis'ry bade adieu.

Cold as the lovely fair within,
Next morn was William found;
Weeping, the village ſaw 'em laid
In the ſame hallow'd ground.

There nymphs and ſhepherds often meet,
To plight their vows ſo true,
And from a ſympathy of ſoul,
Their grave with tears bedew.

XLVII.

AMINTOR AND ANNA.

By the ſame.

CURST with a conſcious feeling mind,
The poor Amintor lay,
Within a cheerleſs jail confin'd,
And ſigh'd his hours away.

To ſave a friend of means bereft,
Amintor enter'd bail;
Friends oft' prove falſe; Amintor's left
To languiſh in a jail.

Where are thoſe friends, Amintor, where
Your ſummer-days could boaſt?
Like inſects now they diſappear,
Kill'd by a wintry froſt.

No friend, ſave one, now anxious came,
To heal Misfortune's wound:
That friend, true to his peace and fame,
Was in his Anna found.

Hymen and Cupid wove the chain,
That link'd her to his heart;
With her he half forgot his pain,
Nor felt Affliction's dart.

Tho' all the charms that Beauty knows,
Were in her form expreſt,
Yet faint her outward charms to thoſe
That lodg'd within her breaſt.

Her words, ſweet as when peace is giv'n
To a departing ſoul,
Or angel accents ſent from heav'n,
Into his boſom ſtole.

Ceaſe, ceaſe theſe unavailing ſighs,
Let hope your brow unbend;
Goodneſs ſupreme our patience tries,
It ſtrikes but to amend.

Affliction's cloud once overblown,
Joy, doubly joy appears;
The morn o'ercaſt, the noon-tide ſun
A ſtronger brightneſs wears.

Virtue aſſay'd ſtill mounts the higher,
And nobler worth aſſumes;
As gold, when droſs-rid by the fire,
More pure and bright becomes.

While innocence and goodneſs reign
In my Amintor's breaſt,
Our fate with courage we'll ſuſtain,
And leave to heav'n the reſt.

Chearful with him, ſhe ſtill appears
The meſſenger of Hope;
When from him, to her ſmother'd tears,
She gives a boundleſs ſcope.

The roſe, that erſt with blooming grace
Had with the lily ſhone,
By grief was wither'd——in her face
The lily reign'd alone.

Their loves one darling babe had crown'd,
His parents beſt delight;
The only comfort Anna found
Each lonely widow'd night.

Like Magdalen, all radiant grace,
The ſmiler at her breaſt
She oft with bended eye would trace
Amintor's ſelf impreſt.

Then! eager claſp, and gaze and weep,
And pour the honey'd kiſs,
Whilſt ſad remembrance pierc'd full deep,
With ſcenes of bury'd bliſs.

Soon as the lark ſalutes the day,
Each morning Anna flies,
To chaſe corroding ſpleen away,
And bleſs Amintor's eyes.

A long, long day—No Anna's ſeen;—
Her abſence cauſes dread;
When ſilent, grief cuts far more keen—
She preſſes a ſick bed.

The tidings brought, he raving cries,
Oh wretch accurſt!—For thee,
For thee the faithful Anna dies,
Her fated end I ſee.

'Tis thy accurſed hand that throws
The deadly murd'rous dart;
'Tis thou art author of her woes;
Thou, thou haſt broke her heart.

No more, Amintor, now complain,
Thy Anna 's amply bleſt;
Of Fortune and her glitt'ring train,
To utmoſt wiſh poſſeſt:

A kinſman carle, whoſe griping hand,
When living was unkind,
Dying, bequeath'd her all his land,
Sore griev'd 'twas left behind.

From

From her forſaken couch ſhe ſprings,
And low, enraptur'd bends,
Whilſt on rejoicing angels wings,
Her gratitude aſcends.

Thanks, thanks, all-gracious heav'n!—Oh, grant,
This flood of joy I bear;
Thy mercy ſends me all I want,
Henceforth I'll not deſpair.

Is Anna then ordain'd to give
Amintor liberty?
For his lov'd ſake I wiſh to live,
For him well pleas'd wou'd die.

To Providence the grateful tear
Burſts from her up-rais'd eyes;
Nor hecatombs to heav'n appear
Such pleaſing ſacrifice.

How faint the richeſt diamonds ſhow!
How languid all their fires!
To thoſe in Beauty's eyes which glow,
When virtuous joy inſpires!

With tranſport wild, ſhe eager flew
To make Amintor bleſt:
She ſaw Amintor—thrilling view!
In ſhrouded garment dreſt.

Frantic that morn he rav'd, I ne'er
Shall Anna ſee again;
He falls a prey to black deſpair;
His heart-ſtrings burſt in twain.

The weakneſs which from virtue grows,
Can juſtice faulty deem?
Such weakneſs virtue only knows,
When virtue 's in extreme.

Let callous boſoms moralize,
And frigid rules lay down,
They feel not who are over-wiſe,
Or dart the Stoic frown.

Like Niobe a-while ſhe ſtands,
Then ſinks upon the floor,
She lifts her eyes, ſhe wrings her hands,
And never riſes more.

One ſuch example here below,
(In heav'n let virtue truſt)
Does an Hereafter plainly ſhow;
God cannot be unjuſt.

XLVIII.

DAMON AND SYLVIA.

By the ſame.

FROM forth the church, all-blithſome, gay,
The youthful Damon came,
Handing his bride in trim array,
A fair and wealthy dame;
Whilſt poor forſaken Sylvia ſtood,
Her lily'd cheek devoid of blood,

Oh, Damon, Damon, perjur'd youth,
But for a moment ſtay,
Are all your vows and boaſted truth
Like goſmore blown away?
Give, give me back my heart again;
You cannot—for 'tis broke in twain.

Did not you ſwear for me alone
Each vow to heav'n did riſe?
Did you not ſwear a monarch's throne
Without me you 'd deſpiſe?
I, witleſs, thought you true as dove,
And by my own weigh'd Damon's love.

But wealth, that bane of conſtancy,
Lur'd Damon's heart away,
On ſwallow-wings falſe riches fly—
True love can ne'er decay:
Had I the world to give—you know,
That world on Damon I'd beſtow.

Was there a pain touch'd Damon's breaſt,
But Sylvia doubly knew?
Was there a joy to make me bleſt,
But took its riſe from you?
Was there a wiſh—(Why heaves this ſigh?)—
Of Damon's that I cou'd deny?

Behold the face you once ſo prais'd,
With grief how pale, how wan!
Thoſe eyes, on which you ſo have gaz'd,
How dim, how woe-begone!
Cou'd you my inmoſt boſom bare,
You'd Damon ſee—and black deſpair.

But hold—I came not to upbraid,
I hither came to die;
Beneath the turf when Sylvia's laid,
Give but one tender ſigh;
'Tis all I aſk, 'tis all I want,
Happy if this ſmall boon you grant.

She ſaid; and ſtraight a dagger aim'd,
It quaff'd her boſom's gore;
That boſom which, with love inflam'd,
Deſpair had pierc'd before;
Inconſtant Damon felt the blow,
And all his future days were woe.

XLIX.

THE MAID OF AGHAVORE.

By the Rev. Mr. Ball.

With the laſt unſucceſsful action, near Rathmines, periſhed the hopes of Charles in Ireland. This event was ſhortly followed by the arrival of Cromwell, during whoſe lieutenancy the tragical event, recorded in the following ballad, is ſuppoſed to have happened.

ONCE I was a lively lad,
As the ſpringing ſeaſon glad
Ere beheld in its domain,
Or fair Summer in her train,
Or rich Autumn in his year;
Sing I could, as Mavis clear;
Ere, alas, the grief to tell!
Into chains of love I fell,
But now ſilent I muſt be:
Pity me, ſwains, pity me!
Pity me, ſince ſhe's no more,
Beauteous maid of Aghavore!

Then I knew not this world's ſtate,
Nor regarded turns of fate,
How rebellious Erin roſe,
Treating Albion's ſons as foes;
Or how ſons of Albion led
O'er the plains diſmay and dread,
Bidding terror to prevail
All around the Engliſh pale;
But now ſilent I muſt be:
Pity me, ſwains, pity me!
Pity me, ſince ſhe's no more,
Beauteous maid of Aghavore!

Ere to power dark Cromwell grew,
Only peaceful days I knew;
Then it was my conſtant care
Ev'ry rural toil to ſhare;
To the pow'rs that guard the plough
Then alone I paid my vow;
Love as then I had not prov'd,
Or the rapture to be lov'd,
But now ſilent I muſt be:
Pity me, ſwains, pity me!
Pity me, ſince ſhe's no more,
Beauteous maid of Aghavore!

O what

O what changes ſhepherds feel!
I was doom'd to carry ſteel.
O what troubles had I miſt,
Among rebels, royaliſt,
If I could my peace have priz'd,
And, as others, temporiz'd!
But as yet no pains I try'd;
Yet I had not ſeen a bride;
Now all ſilent I muſt be:
Pity me, ſwains, pity me!
Pity me, ſince ſhe's no more,
Beauteous maid of Aghavore!

To our valley ſoon there came,
As it chanc'd, a beauteous dame,
Looks ſhe had, that far outvy'd
All our fragrant valley's pride:
Then, ſo gentle was her ſoul,
As if hearts ſhe ne'er had ſtole!
Sprung from a Cromwellian chief—
But let Sorrow's ſong be brief!
Now all ſilent I ſhould be:
Pity me, ſwains, pity me!
Pity me, ſince ſhe's no more,
Beauteous maid of Aghavore!

O how

O how happy had I been,
Had I ſuch a bride ne'er ſeen!
All ſo beauteous, as I ne'er
Can find matter to compare!
Curls ſhe had, out-ſhining jet!
In her eyes the ſun was ſet!
For her ſhape, it was a pine,
Wreath'd with fragrant eglantine!
But now ſilent I muſt be:
Pity me, ſwains, pity me!
Pity me, ſince ſhe's no more,
Beauteous maid of Aghavore!

When I ſaw the fair, I burn'd,
She my paſſion ſoon return'd.
But when he, her father proud,
Heard her faith to aliens vow'd,
Riſing in his anger fierce,
Soon he did her boſom pierce
With that rude unrighteous ſword
Wherewith loyal breaſts he gor'd.
Now all mournful I muſt be:
Pity me, ſwains, pity me!
Pity me, ſince ſhe's no more,
Beauteous maid of Aghavore!

Woods,

Woods, that wave on mountain-tops,
O'er whoſe moſs the titmouſe hops,
Tell my tale to ruſtling gales!
Fountains, weep it through the vales!
And, with her own ſorrow faint,
Let ſad Echo join my plaint!
Since I've loſt the brighteſt fair
E'er that breath'd our valley's air.
Now all mournful I muſt be;
Pity me, ſwains, pity me!
Pity me, ſince ſhe's no more,
Beauteous maid of Aghavore!

L.

THE DIRGE OF OFFA.

By the ſame.

This ballad is ſuppoſed to be written by Mordrid, chief of the bards in the reign of Edwy, king of Northumberland, whoſe ſon Offa was ſlain in the battle of Hatfield Wood, A. D. 633. It concludes with the words of the bard.

SEE my ſon, my Offa dies!
He who could chaſe his father's foes!
Where ſhall the king now cloſe his eyes?
Where—but in the tomb of woes.

'Tis there, thy ſtony couch is laid!
And there the wearied king may reſt—
But will not Penda's threats invade
The quiet of the monarch's breaſt?

No—my ſon ſhall quell his rage—
What have I ſaid?—ah me, undone;
Ne'er ſhall the parent's ſnowy age
Recall the tender name of ſon!

O would

O would that I for thee had dy'd!
Nor liv'd to wail thy piteous caſe!
Who dar'd defy thoſe looks of pride,
That mark the chiefs of Wyba's race!

But, O my ſon, I little knew
What pow'r was in that arm of might!
That weeds of ſuch a baleful hue
The laurel's beauteous wreath ſhould blight!

Yes, my ſon, the ſhaft that thee
Transfix'd, hath drawn thy father's fate!
O how will Hengiſt weep to ſee
The woes that on his line await!

To ſee my Offa's lateſt pangs,
As wild in death, he bites the ſhore!
A ſavage wolf, with bloody fangs,
The lamb's unſpotted boſom tore!

Who never knew to give offence,
But to revenge his father's wrong!—
Some abler arm convey him hence,
And bear a father's love along!

Alas! this tongue is all too weak
The laſt ſad duties to perform!
Theſe feeble arms their taſk forſake!
Elſe ſhould they riſe in wrathful ſtorm

Againſt the ruthleſs rebel's head
Who dar'd ſuch laurels to deſtroy;
To bid each virtue's hope lie dead!
And cruſh a parent's only joy!

Inter him by yon ivy tow'r,
And raiſe the note of deepeſt dole!
Ne'er ſhould a friend, in deathful hour,
Forget the chief of gen'rous ſoul:

And o'er the grave erect a ſtone,
His worth, and lineage high to tell:
And, by the faithful croſs be ſhown
That in the faith of Chriſt he fell!

Hail! valiant chiefs of Hatfield Wood!
Ne'er may your blooming honours ceaſe!
That with unequal ſtrength withſtood
Th' invader of your country's peace.

Now, round this head let darkneſs fall!
Deſcend, ye ſhafts of thund'rous hail!
Ne'er ſhall be ſaid, in Edwy's hall
That troubled ghoſt was heard to wail!

Then, with his feeble arm, the ſire
Into the thickeſt battle flies,
To die, was all the chief's deſire;
Oppreſs'd with wounds and grief, he dies.

And

And let the future ſoul of rhime,
If chance he cons of Edwy's praiſe,
As high his quiv'ring fingers climb,
Record, that Mordrid pour'd the lays!

LI.

By the ſame.

KIND ADVICE TO THE HAPPY SHEPHERD.

HAPPY ſwain, would'ſt thou be free
From the cares that follow me,
Shun the muſes 'witching train;
Scorn thy pipe, and leave the plain.

For the pipe brings no relief!
And the plain but echoes grief;
And the muſes tuneful ſkills
Cannot charm thy life from ills!

Mark ye, where yon waters flow?
There pines a bard, o'ercome with woe,
As to the ſad water's fall
He ſings Timæus' funeral!

'Twas

'Twas of me he learn'd the art,
But ah——the quill hath pierc'd his heart!
And hapleſs they, who fondly try
To ſing of woe as well I!

Now of the Stygian gulph he raves,
Now pores in Ætna's ſulph'rous caves,
'Till frantic Fancy reſts her head
In the burning torrent's bed!

Shepherd, ere it be too late,
Would'ſt thou ſhun his wayward fate,
Then leave the melancholy plain,
So ſhalt thou live an happy ſwain.

Oft, beneath the twilight trees,
Lurks a ſadly ſullen breeze!
And Pan to ſhapes of luckleſs pow'r
Oft delegates the lonely hour,

Where the oak his gnarled root
Doth acroſs the pathway ſhoot,
Or with linden's gloſſy rine
Laurel-treſſes intertwine;

While himſelf, to jocund dance
Bids the dryad-train advance,
Nor breaks off the frolic ſound,
'Till the tell-tale ſun comes round.

Let

Let the breaſt that cares oppreſs
Dwell with ſolitarineſs:
Nor change the muſe's deſert ſprings,
For the joys that wait on kings.

Tho' by Aganippe's ſtreams
Ancient bards had golden dreams,
Deem not bliſsful life was theirs—
Golden grain is choak'd with tares.

Tremblingly alive all o'er,
Much to feel is to deplore,
And the ſoul of ſenſes ſtrong
Gives but ſorrows to the ſong.

Think'ſt thou Care ſhall ne'er invade,
With venom ſhaft, thy ſecret ſhade?
In form of Love, he ſoftly ſteals,
And unſuſpecting hearts aſſails.

Or, if his way a diſtant friend
Should to thy lonely threſhold bend,
Like my Timæus he may be,
In death, an endleſs woe to thee!

Or if thy Fates do not deſign
That he ſhould die, and thou ſhould'ſt pine,
As I with Lycon, both may prove
Abſence is death to thoſe that love!

But it is not ſo in courts—
There Cupid with light dalliance ſports;
And Venus in a kind diſguiſe
Looks milder thro' Aſpaſia's eyes.

If a lov'd friend ſhould die, 'tis there
Thou may'ſt with eaſe the loſs repair:
And tho' one nymph ſhould faithleſs prove,
Another will requite thy love.

Then, haſte thee to the haunts of men;
Nor let the little careleſs wren,
As thro' the nut-tree ſhade he hops,
Seduce thee to the ſilent copſe.

And, in ſome much-frequented room,
May'ſt thou find a tranquil tomb;
While thy unpriſon'd ſenſes fly
To the ſphere of harmony!

And, let the gentle ſlumber ſteal,
The ſhepherd's cloſing eye to ſeal,
And bring that future life of bliſs
For which the virtuous pant in this!

Sweet luxury of ſouls refin'd,
How would it ſuit the vulgar mind?
Let vulgar minds at diſtance keep!
Nor fright away the ſhepherd's ſleep!

LII.

THE DRINKING-MATCH AT EDEN-HALL.

In Imitation of the famous ballad of Chevy Chace.

By Philip duke of Wharton.

(*See* Walpole's Royal and Noble Authors, Vol. II. page 130. edit. 1759.)

GOD proſper long from being broke
The * Luck of Eden-hall;
A doleful drinking-bout I ſing,
There lately did befall.

To chaſe the ſpleen with cup and can,
Duke Philip took his way,
Babes yet unborn ſhall never ſee
The like of ſuch a day.

The ſtout and ever-thirſty duke
A vow to God did make,
His pleaſure within Cumberland
Three live-long nights to take.

* A pint bumper at Sir Chriſtopher Muſgrave's.

Sir Muſgrave too, of Martindale,
A true and worthy knight,
Eftſoon with him a bargain made,
In drinking to delight.

The bumpers ſwiftly paſs about,
Six in a hand went round;
And with their calling for more wine,
They made the hall reſound.

Now when theſe merry tidings reach'd
The earl of Harold's ears,
And am I (quoth he, with an oath)
Thus ſlighted by my peers?

Saddle my ſteed, bring forth my boots,
I'll be with them right quick;
And, maſter ſheriff, come you too,
We'll know this ſcurvy trick.

Lo, yonder doth earl Harold come,
(Did one at table ſay;)
'Tis well, reply'd the mettled duke,
How will he get away?

When thus the earl began: Great duke,
I'll know how this did chance,
Without inviting me, ſure this
You did not learn in France.

One of us two for this offence,
Under the board ſhall lie;
I know thee well, a duke thou art,
So ſome years hence ſhall I.

But truſt me, Wharton, pity 'twere
So much good wine to ſpill,
As theſe companions here may drink,
Ere they have had their fill.

Let thou and I, in bumpers full,
This grand affair decide.
Accurs'd be he, duke Wharton ſaid,
By whom it is deny'd.

To Andrews, and to Hotham fair,
Many a pint went round,
And many gallant gentlemen
Lay ſick upon the ground.

When, at the laſt, the duke eſpy'd
He had the earl ſecure,
He ply'd him with a full pint-glaſs,
Which laid him on the floor.

Who never ſpoke more words than theſe,
After he downwards ſunk,
My worthy friends, revenge my fall,
Duke Wharton ſees me drunk.

Then, with a groan, duke Philip held
The ſick man by the joint,
And ſaid, Earl Harold, 'ſtead of thee,
Would I had drank this pint.

Alack! my very heart doth bleed,
And doth within me ſink;
For ſurely a more ſober earl
Did never ſwallow drink.

With that the ſheriff, in a rage,
To ſee the earl ſo ſmit,
Vow'd to revenge the dead-drunk peer
Upon renown'd Sir Kit.

Then ſtepp'd a gallant 'ſquire forth,
Of viſage thin and pale,
Lloyd was his name, and of Gang-hall,
Faſt by the river Swale;

Who ſaid he would not have it told
Where Eden river ran,
That unconcern'd he ſhould ſit by;
So, ſheriff, I'm your man.

Now when theſe tidings reach'd the room,
Where the duke lay in bed,
How that the 'ſquire ſuddenly
Upon the floor was laid:

O heavy

O heavy tidings! (quoth the duke)
Cumberland witneſs be,
I have not any captain more
Of ſuch account as he.

Like tidings to earl Thanet came,
Within as ſhort a ſpace,
How that the under-ſheriff too
Was fallen from his place.

Now God be with him (ſaid the earl)
Sith 'twill no better be,
I truſt I have within my town,
As drunken knights as he.

Of all the number that were there,
Sir Bains he ſcorn'd to yield;
But with a bumper in his hand,
He ſtagger'd o'er the field.

Thus did this dire contention end,
And each man of the ſlain
Were quickly carried off to ſleep—
Their ſenſes to regain.

God bleſs the king, the ducheſs fat,
And keep the land in peace,
And grant that drunkenneſs henceforth
'Mong noblemen may ceaſe.

And likewiſe bleſs our royal prince,
The nation's other hope,
And give us grace for to defy
The Devil and the Pope.

LIII.

The DOWY DEN.

A lady hearing her lover had fallen in ſingle combat with his rival, calls to her attendant boy.

O See you not yon bonny ſteed,
That eats beneath the tree?
O tarry not, my little boy,
But bring him faſt to me.

The boy ran nimbly to the place,
Where fed the milk-white ſteed,
And brought him to the lady fair,
Who mounted him with ſpeed.

The whip ſhe ply'd—the courſer flew,
The duſt in clouds did riſe,
And ſoon ſhe ſpy'd the * Dowy Den
Where her true lover lies.

* Dowy ſignifies diſmal.

But

But now the panting ſteed ſhe ſtop'd,
And on the ground ſhe ſprung,
Then hied her to the fatal place,
With trees and buſhes hung.

A dreary place, I ween, it was,
And mournful to behold;
Above—the winds did doleful blow,
Below—dark waters roll'd.

All cold and pale the youth was laid
Faſt by the rueful flood;
A breathleſs corſe outſtretch'd he lay,
And all beſmear'd with blood.

O ſigh of woe! ſhe cry'd, and ran
To where her lover lay,
Then, like an aſpin, quiv'ring ſtood,
And gaz'd on the cold clay.

That breaſt where oft thou, love-ſick maid!
Haſt laid thy languid head,
Doth now preſent the ghaſtly wound
Made by the deathful blade.

Thoſe yellow locks, that oft with joy
Thy lily hand hath bound,
Toſs'd by the wind, now looſely flow
Neglected on the ground.

How

How cold and wan at noon that cheek,
Where glow'd at morn the roſe!
Thoſe beauteous eyes the ſleep of death
Doth now for ever cloſe.

In ſilent anguiſh fix'd ſhe ſtood,
And o'er the body hung,
Then ſtooping, graſp'd and kiſs'd the hand,
And ſighing, thus begun:

Nor wealth nor grandeur pow'r could have
My faithful heart to ſhake;
For thee it beat, O much-lov'd boy!
For thee it now doth break.

Why did thy wrathful rival think
His ſword could us disjoin?
Did he not know that love had made
My life but one with thine?

Then haughty baron, know it now,
Nor hope I'll be thy bride;
With this dear youth I joy to die,
Contemn thy pomp and pride.

And thou, my father, come and ſee
How low thy daughter lies;
From croſſing virtuous love, behold
What dire misfortunes riſe.

O hapleſs

O hapleſs youth!—But ah! no more
Her fault'ring tongue could ſay;
Then ſoftly ſunk upon his breaſt,
And breath'd her ſoul away.

LIV.

DUNCAN. A FRAGMENT.

SAW ye the Thane o'meikle pride,
Red anger in his eye?
I ſaw him not, nor care, he cry'd;
Red anger frights na' me.

For I have ſtuid whar honour bade,
Tho' Death trod on his heel:
Mean is the creſt that ſtoops to fear;
Nae ſic may Duncan feel.

Hark! hark! or was it but the wind
That thro' the ha' did ſing?
Hark! hark! agen: a warlike ſhout
The black woods round do ring.

'Tis na' for nought, bald Duncan cry'd,
Sic ſhoutings on the wind:
Syne up he ſtarted frae his ſeat,
A thrang o' ſpears behind.

Haſte,

Haſte, haſte, my valiant hearts, he ſaid,
Anes mare to fallow me;
We 'll meet yon ſhouters by the burn;
I gueſs wha they may be.

But wha is he that ſpeeds ſae faſt,
Frae the ſlaw-marching thrang?
Sae frae the mirk cloud ſhoots a beam,
The ſky's blue face alang.

Some meſſenger it is, mayhap;
Then not of peace, I trow:
My maſter, Duncan, bade me rin,
And ſay theſe words to you.

Reſtore agen that bluiming roſe,
Your rude hand pluck'd awa';
Reſtore again his Mary fair,
Or you ſhall rue the fa'.

Three ſtrides the gallant Duncan tuik,
And ſhuik his forward ſpear:
Gae tell thy maſter, beardleſs youth,
We are na' wont to fear.

He comes na' on a waſſel rout
Of revel, ſport, and play;
Our ſwords gart fame proclaim us men
Lang ere this ruefu' day.

The

The roſe I pluck'd, of right is mine;
Our hearts together grew
Like twa ſweet roſes on ae ſta'k—
Frae hate to love ſhe flew.

Swift as a winged ſhaft he ſped:
Bald Duncan ſaid, in jeer,
Gae tell thy maſter, beardleſs youth,
We are na' wont to fear.

He comes na' on a waſſel rout,
Of revel, ſport, and play;
Our ſwords gart fame proclaim us men
Lang ere this ruefu' day.

The roſe I pluck'd, of right is mine;
Our hearts together grew
Like twa ſweet roſes on ae ſta'k—
Frae hate to love ſhe flew.

He ſtamp'd his foot upo' the ground,
And thus in wrath did ſay:
God ſtrik my ſaul if frae this field
We baith in life ſhall gae.

He wav'd his hand; the pipes they play'd,
The targets clatter'd round,
And now between the meeting faes
Was little ſpace of ground,

But

But wha is ſhe that rins ſae faſt?
Her feet nae ſtap they find;
Sae ſwiftly rides the milky cloud
Upon the ſimmer's wind.

Her face, a mantle ſcreen'd afore,
She ſhow'd of lily hue:
Sae frae the gray miſt breaks the ſun
To drink the morning-dew.

Alake, my friends! what ſight is this?
Oh, ſtap your rage, ſhe cry'd:
Whar love with honey'd lip ſhould be,
Mak not a breach ſae wide.

Can then my uncle draw his ſword,
My huſband's breaſt to bleid?
Or can my ſweet lord do to him
Sic foul and ruthleſs deid?

Bethink ye, uncle, of the time
My gray-hair'd father died:
Frae whar your ſhrill horn ſhuik the wood,
He ſent for you wi' ſpeed:

My brother, gard my bairn, he ſaid:
She has nae father ſoon:
Regard her, Donald, as your ain:
I'll aſk nae ither boon.

Would

Would then my uncle force my love,
Whar love it cou'd na' be,
Or wed me to the man I hate?
Was this his care of me?

Can theſe brave men, who but of late
Together chas'd the deer,
Againſt their comrades bend their bows,
In bluidy hunting here?

She ſpake, while trickling ran the tears
Her bluſhing cheek alang;
And ſilence, like a heavy cloud,
O'er a' the warriors hang.

Syne ſtapt the red-hair'd Malcom furth,
Threeſcore his years and three;
Yet a' the ſtrength of ſtrongeſt youth
In ſic an eild had he:

Nae pity was there in his breaſt;
For war alane he lo'd;
His gray een ſparkled at the ſight
Of plunder, death, and bluid.

What! ſhall our hearts of ſteel, he ſaid,
Bend to a woman's ſang?
Or can her words our honour quit
For ſic diſhoneſt wrang?

For

For this did a' theſe warriors come,
To hear an idle tale;
And o'er our death-accuſtom'd arms
Shall ſilly tears prevail?

They gied a ſhout, their bows they tuik,
They claſh'd their ſteely ſwords
Like the loud waves of Bara's ſhore;
There was nae room for words.

A cry the weeping Mary gied:
O uncle! hear my prayer:
Heed na' that man of bluidy look;—
She had nae time for mair;

For in the midſt anon there came
A blind, unweeting dart,
That glanc'd frae aff her Duncan's targe,
And ſtrack her to the heart.

A while ſhe ſtagger'd, ſyne ſhe fell,
And Duncan ſee'd her fa':
Aſtound he ſtood; for in his limbs
There was nae power at a'.

The ſpear he meant at faes to fling,
Stood fix'd within his hand:
His lips, half open, cou'd na' ſpeak:
His life was at a ſtand.

Sae the black ſtump of ſome auld aik,
With arms in triumph dight,
Seems to the traveller like a man,
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
Cætera deſunt.

LV.

THE FAIR PENITENT.

YE mountains ſo dreary and dread,
To whom I ſo often repair,
In pity fall down on my head,
And ſnatch me at once from deſpair.

In mercy, ye ſkies, to my woes,
Let your thunders avengingly roll,
And death kindly huſh to repoſe
The Ætna that burſts on my ſoul.

Twelve moons have I ſcarcely been wed,
And honour'd with Beverley's name:
Yet how has the conjugal bed
Been ſteep'd in pollution and ſhame!

To the fondeſt and worthieſt youth,
All ſpotted and perjur'd I ſtand;
And this ring, which once ſwore to my truth,
Now deadens, thro' guilt, on my hand.

Perdition quick fall on the hour
That firſt I ſaw Clerimont's face,
And fatally gave him a power
To plunge me in endleſs diſgrace.

From Time's ſwiftly-ſilvering wing
This inſtant O let it be torn;
And pluck from Remembrance a ſting,
Too bitter by far to be borne.

Once white as the moon's pureſt ray,
This boſom could conſciouſly heave,
Deſpiſe every thought to betray,
And deteſt every wiſh to deceive.

Once crown'd with contentment and reſt,
My days held the happieſt race;
And the night ſaw me equally bleſt,
In my Beverley's honeſt embrace:

But now, one continued diſguiſe,
I'm hackney'd in falſehood and art,
And teach every glance of my eyes
To conceal every wiſh of my heart.

To meet with poor Beverley's kiſs,
What tranſport appears in my air!
Tho' his breaſt, once the pillow of bliſs,
Swells only with death and deſpair.

If a look is by accident caught,
I'm fill'd with a thouſand alarms;
And Clerimont fires every thought,
When I melt e'en in Beverley's arms.

Great Ruler of all things above,
Whom Father of mercies we deem,
Let duty direct me to love
Where reaſon compels my eſteem.

Yet how to thy throne ſhall I run;
For pardon, how can I exclaim;
When every renewal of ſun
Beholds a renewal of ſhame!

Nay, now while the guilt I deteſt,
My conſcience ſo dreadfully wrings;
This Clerimont grows on my breaſt,
And inſenſibly twiſts round the ſtrings.

Diſtraction, this inſtant repair,
And ſeize the leaſt atom of brain;
For nature no longer can bear
This incredible fulneſs of pain!

Let mercy employ its own time,
I dare not look upward that way;
For unleſs I deſiſt from my crime,
'Tis blaſphemy furely to pray.

FINIS.

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